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Alais fc.

Mr. KEMBLE as ROLLA,

Rolla. *My brave associates — partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame! —*

Pubd. as the Act directs by J. Roach, Russel-Court, Drury Lane Feby. 12. 1807.

THE

THESPIAN PRECEPTOR;

OR,

A FULL DISPLAY

OF

THE SCENIC ART:

INCLUDING

AMPLE AND EASY INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

TREADING THE STAGE,

USING PROPER ACTION, MODULATING THE VOICE,

AND EXPRESSING THE SEVERAL

Dramatic Passions:

Illustrated by EXAMPLES from our most approved *ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMATISTS*;

And calculated not only for the Improvement of ALL LOVERS OF THE STAGE, ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, But likewise of PUBLIC ORATORS, READERS, and VISITORS of the THEATRES ROYAL.

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THE

THESPIAN PRECEPTOR.

CHAP. I.

Preliminary Observations—Essentials for becoming an Actor—Judgment—Person—Voice—Action—Walk—Summary of the most general Characters in Comedy and Tragedy—Exits and Entrances.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many difficulties which attend the scenic art, how many have attempted the stage without the least claim, even to mediocrity. Young persons in the habits of visiting theatres, or reading plays, soon become enamoured with certain characters, (particularly in tragedy, which is the most difficult,) and, self-deceived, flatter themselves with the capability of representing those parts: but the art of acting is not so easy as at first imagined. The essentials of an actor and actress are so great and numerous, that the THESPIAN PRECEPTOR humbly solicits all candidates for dramatic fame to attend to his instructions, which, added to study and practice, may pro-

bably render them acquisitions to the stage, or dissuade them from vain and vexatious attempts.

The first essential for becoming a performer on the stage is *an appropriate education*. Every gentleman should be a classical scholar—every lady should be mistress of her *own* and the French languages. In every sentence there is some word, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a stronger accent or emphasis than the others. In some lines a variation of voice is necessary. If the candidate possess not sufficient *judgment*, which can only be formed by a good education, he may frequently be guilty of false accents, or, at least, imitate his predecessors; he may alter his tone when he should not, and not vary his voice when he should. The meaning of an author is often misrepresented by mispronunciation:—judgment alone can point out these meanings, and direct the speaker. A classical actor very often strikes out new beauties; and therefore the THESPIAN PRECEPTOR will not mark those words, in the speeches hereafter quoted, which he thinks should be accented, because some may, and with propriety, think those accents preferable in other places. In Hamlet's following question, the accent has always been laid upon the verb:—

"Did you not *speak* to it, Horatio?"

But our best Hamlet of the present day very judiciously lays it on the person; (Did *you*, &c.) implying, as you are my particular friend, did *you* not speak to the ghost?

The following line in *Zanga* is generally spoken with

the same tone of voice, by which (I think) the author's meaning is confounded :—

" Complain of grief—complain thou art a man."

The concluding words, if pronounced with a kind of sneer, would imply—Complain of grief! *you may as well* complain thou art a man! which appears to have been the author's meaning, by his succeeding lines. The last line in this character—

" And to receive me hell blows all its fires "—

is always spoken in a violent rant; and with these words Zanga *rushes out*. An ignorant spectator might naturally conclude he had *made his escape from the guard*. As every actor of judgment scorns to tread in a beaten path, may not a new Zanga try the effect of another mode of exit?—From his speech over Alonzo's body, and the succeeding lines, Zanga appears sensible that he has followed vengeance too far—he becomes sorry, and, instead of appearing *determined to go to hell*, he might say this concluding line in accents of convulsed horror and remorse; then falling into the arms of the guard, be carried off! Thus judgment points out new modes, which, if they fail of gallery applause, may procure that which is far more desirable, the applause of pit and boxes. An actor of judgment will also beware of improprieties; if in a Roman character, he will not display an English powdered head; if the scene be a street or garden, he will not keep his hat under his arm; nor, if the scene be a parlour or chamber, keep it on his head, which is equally ridiculous. He will not, if he be reading a letter, when he has done,

throw it carelessly aside, or let it fall upon the stage, except in such pieces where the discovery of the letter forms a part of the plot. These, and other similar improprieties, an actor of judgment will avoid. By means of a good education, he becomes thoroughly acquainted with his author. Every performer should perfectly understand the story which he takes a part in relating; that is, with the plot—its progress—the intention of the author, in the whole, and in every individual scene—the apartment or place in which every scene passes—and the deportment which the particular nature of that scene, and of the part he is to take in it, requires.

A good person and *an elegant address* are chief requisites, particularly for tragedy and genteel characters in comedy. It is not sufficient for Belcour to *act* like a gentleman, but he must also *look* like one. A diminutive person ill suits the hero of tragedy, but he may appear to some advantage in *low* comedy. Of this, however, we shall speak more fully, when treating of different characters in tragedy and comedy.

An *audible harmonious voice* is another requisite, particularly for tragedy. Harsh monotonous sounds destroy the effect of every speech. Though we have had some respectable performers, who, notwithstanding they had been denied this gift by nature, by attention and industry became popular actors, yet the man or woman who is deficient in this grand requisite, or has any peculiarity of voice, will have a difficult task to please an audience, or to reconcile them to it. A powerful articulate voice is absolutely necessary now to fill our extensive theatres.

The ease with which a performer goes through a long speech or part, and his success with his audience, depends much upon his setting out in a proper key, and at a due pitch of loudness. If he begin in too high a tone, or set out too loud, how is he afterwards to rise to a higher note, or swell his voice louder, as the more pathetic strains may require? In every climax, like—

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And," &c.

the voice should gradually rise, and the concluding part of the climax be delivered with the loudest note; consequently, if the speaker be ignorant of the compass of his voice, and begin too loud, his conclusion will be strained and disagreeable, and the last lines of his speeches be frequently lost. This should be carefully avoided, particularly in irascible and tyrannic parts. The command of the voice must be particularly studied. A cold declamatory delivery is equally reprehensible. An actor should speak as if he *felt* every word; and the force or pathos with which a speech is to be delivered is to increase as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by degrees, as the chariot wheel by its continued motion. False and provincial accents must also be guarded against, or corrected.

Action is another grand essential, without which no actor or actress can be said to ACT. Too much, however, must be avoided, as well as too little. Every part of the

human frame should contribute to express the passions and emotions of the soul. Action must be graceful, and appropriate to the words, otherwise it is forced and unnatural: it is tragic, comic, or unimpassioned. The parts of which it is composed are, standing, walking, running, attitude, and gesture: for the proper conduct of all which it is necessary to understand the use and management of the eye, the arm, the hand, the knees, legs, and feet, and the proper deportment of the whole body.

To express the imperious and uncontrolable passions is the province of tragic action. It is never the intention of persons, who are under the dominion of passion, to make themselves the subject of laughter. There are many instances in which they produce this effect, unintentionally; but they belong to the ignoble passions, and are within the province of comic action, and comic personages: for the same passions, when felt by persons of a different character, become dignified, terrible, and destructive; and therefore cannot excite laughter. Avarice, which in some instances is highly comic, in others becomes the scourge and desolation of kingdoms. Many poets have well delineated the ridicule to which the jealous sometimes subject themselves; though few passions of a private kind have more frequently produced scenes of tragic horror.

The nature of tragic action, therefore, is energetic, daring, and impetuous, to excess. That which would be extravagant and ridiculous in persons of equal and calm minds, is frequently an appropriate, necessary, and true expression of passion. The impassioned person may be remarkably reasonable, and sagacious, in some parts of his behaviour, the moment preceding an act of frenzy.

In stage personification, nothing can more offend than the tame rant, and composed recollection, with which the crimes of passion are perpetrated. Instead of feeling and picturing the violent frantic and sudden emotions of passion, actors, with very few exceptions, are continually impressed with the wretched and ignorant persuasion, that a long stride, a uniform swing of the arm, and a monotonous clamorous bellow, are the grand requisites of a tragedian. This persuasion is so strong in them, and they are so self-satisfied, that they appear for ages to have aped each other.

It should be the first business of an actor deeply to investigate each character which he pretends to perform, and endue his whole soul with recollections never to be erased, of the number and the nature of the wild starts of passion, to which the character to be represented is subject: he should note them in his books, explain them to himself, and memorandum them immediately; and, at that happy instant when he conceives them in their fullest force, should study all the various ways in which they show themselves, and, in fact, make himself a most profound and masterly commentator on the passions, their consequences, and their marks, prognostics, and appearance.—What a labour would it be thus to study no more than Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, and Othello? Yet these characters, we daily find, every beardless stripling is eager to represent, and imagines he may fret and strut his hour upon the stage quite as well as another; nor is he, in general, very far from the truth.

Comic acting has likewise its fits and starts; but of

totally a different nature: yet there is this grand similarity, that he alone can be successful who makes man his study. Excellent comic actors, however, are far more numerous than excellent tragedians; and the reason appears plain: men take a pleasure in observing the follies of others, which follies are almost continually before their eyes; while the exhibition of the tragic passions gives so much pain, that it is shunned, if possible, and, to give peace to the mind, endeavoured to be buried in forgetfulness. Laughter can likewise be excited by oddity of action; such as may accompany almost any habit, or caprice of mind, without destroying, but rather tending to give a zest to that habit, or caprice; therefore, though the follies of men are daily present to the eye, superficial observers have no knowledge of particular gestures, attitudes, or demeanour, that are most usually found to appertain to each different class of humourists.

There are indeed some general rules, that cannot be mistaken: such as that age is feeble, has bent knees, a faltering voice, a curbed body, and a discontented countenance; but, the countenance excepted, these properties may as well belong to a man of the soundest understanding, and most rational demeanour, as to a man of the most eccentric habits.

Truly to class, and effectually to personify, the different gesticulations, attitudes, and modes of deportment, of the different species of humour, which generally prevail, the volume of nature must be industriously studied; and the labours of the comic performer will be no less than those of the tragedian, for they will both be endless.

Were this great task executed in any tolerable degree, comic actors would not be, what they almost all are, such mannerists, that one of them cannot long be mistaken for another: they would so transform themselves, so embody each character, have such various modes of gesticulation, such change of demeanour, and be so entirely different each time from any thing that they had ever been before, that, speaking of spectators in general, the comedian would defy them to any certainty of guess as to the name and person of the performer, unless indeed some one actor should be so superior to all his companions, in this art of transformation, that he would always betray himself by his excellence.

What then should the duty of a comedian be? To note down, with a keen eye, the various gesticulations, and modes of deportment, of every individual in society; and to memorandum every turn of the face, every motion of the eye, and every posture of the body, with the turn of mind and occupation of the person to whom they belong.

Were they to carry their inquiries no further than to all the persons of whom they have some personal knowledge, and, having a character to perform, would adopt the deportment, gesticulation, grimace, look, and tone of voice, of a different individual for every different character, suiting each with each as their judgment should direct, how infinitely greater and more delightful would the variety be, than that uniformity which at present prevails.

An unimpassioned action is that general deportment which is necessary when the performer is supposed not to

be agitated by either pain or pleasure. When asking, or replying to a common question, a majestic swing of the arm would appear a burlesque; and to keep both hands in your pockets would be equally ridiculous. The action of the arms ought to be carefully modest and restrained. There are performers who, at the first sentence, with their right hand, and the second with their left, continue an alternate through each speech. They must have taken peculiar pains to have acquired such a puppet-show mode of disposing of themselves.

There are many who have a seesaw eternally monotonous motion, which, were nothing else seen or heard, would soon lull every patient spectator to sleep.

There are others who continually shake a single finger; some two fingers; some the whole hand; but the shaking must continue, while they continue speaking.

A frequent clenching of the fist is a favourite mode, which several actors have, of endeavouring to make the audience believe how much they are in earnest; especially in the characters of tyrants.

The arms akimbo is also often thought the attitude of grandeur, instead of, as it really is, the certain sign of vulgar and inflated imbecility.

It is not possible to recollect, in the closet, all the various ill habits, and errors, into which performers fall, in their deportment. In comic actors, such mistakes are less noticed; but they are frequently quite as gross.—"To suit the action to the word" is indeed a difficult task; for it is first highly necessary to inquire what words de-

mand, or rather will endure, action. The arm that is always in motion is always unmeaning.

In all characters, where good breeding and education are supposed, ease is required; and violent action can never be proper, but to violent passion: the shades that lie between the two extremes are what require the studious discrimination of the performer.

Comic deportment should be as various as comic character: nay, indeed, there are personal varieties, which are indicated in the sketching and filling up of every comedy; so that two tradesmen, two fathers, nay two misers, or any other class of character, should be individualized, and have separate modes of behaviour.

One habitual error, very injurious to the piece and the performer, ought carefully to be noticed; which is, that there scarcely can be an occasion when an actor ought to speak with his profile, much less with half his back, turned to the audience; for then not only his voice, but his features, are without effect. Yet, there are many performers who will continue, through a whole scene, with the profile, a little more or a little less, toward the audience.—This is an unpardonable fault.—If possible, the face should front the stage, yet the eye remain totally unconscious of the presence of an audience; and, when the nature of the scene absolutely requires the actor to look directly at the person with whom he is speaking, he still should keep a three-quarter face to the audience.

Expression of countenance is also necessary in constituting a good performer;—the eye must speak before the word is uttered;—the character must be delineated in the

face, which, as well as the action of the body, must accord with every speech. An actor must frequently be employed, though he has nothing to say. Instead of looking about him, or at the audience, he must attend to the other *dramatis personæ*, and occasionally testify joy, fear, surprise, &c. at what may be said.

No performer should ever appear as if he thought there was an audience before him: the eye, therefore, is never to be directed at the pit, boxes, or galleries. This is an unpardonable fault, particularly when speaking a *soliloquy*, or in an *aside speech*.

Another requisite is to *walk the stage* properly. Long strides, or short steps, are, at times, equally ridiculous. To tragedians, and the representatives of gentlemen, a short step is peculiarly destructive of dignity; while in characters of low breeding, but of animation, it is no less a true mark of such persons. To step with measured affectation, like an opera dancer to a march, is no less laughable; it destroys reality: for a spectator cannot but imagine he sees a foolish actor, instead of the character he ought to personify.

The short step excites risibility at first, and at length contempt and weariness, when it is accompanied, as is seen in some actors, by a mechanical and uninterruptedly alternate habit of first stepping forward and then stepping back. Among country actors this is no uncommon fault; and in London it is seen, but in a less glaring manner.

We shall now give a summary of the most general

characters which an actor or actress may have to represent, accompanied with suitable reflections.

Heroes.—No performer can personate a hero truly unless, did events favour him, he be capable of actually becoming a hero; or did not his reason and inclination prefer different pursuits. Let him be possessed of this magnetic power of mind, and his defects of voice and person must be excessive, if they are unconquerable.—Give him that mighty power, and a distinct articulation, clearness, compass, and strength of voice, an athletic and correct symmetry of person, with pliant yet pleasing features, capable of all the varieties and the full force of expressing the various passions, and this *imaginary actor* will be one who has never yet been beheld. Many performers, however, are on record, male and female, who, were the pictures given of them by their admirers correct, have approached if not attained, nay surpassed this perfection! Roscius was the father of a numerous progeny; for many have assumed or willingly accepted his name.—That he was himself the essence of all that is perfect we must now take upon trust. Admiration, in all ages, might more truly be painted blind than justice: like a stone cast into still water, it begins with raising a small circle, and from circle to circle spreads, till it necessarily dies away, because it can extend no further.

Perhaps the young candidate for theatrical fame may best remember if the rules, which he ought to observe, be contrasted in a negative and positive form.

Thus, *of the hero.*

1. He cannot roar: yet, not a single tone of his voice

can be insignificant. I speak of him on the stage. No man strains and roars with his voice, who is not foolish, or confused: for confusion of mind, while it continues, denotes folly; and a roaring voice denotes either, or both.

2. His delivery cannot be monotonous: for monotony denotes want of feeling; and he discourses only of things of the greatest moment: or, if he ever have occasion to be familiar, there is discrimination and intention in all that he utters; and monotony denotes vacancy of mind.

3. For the above reason, he cannot speak in recitative: for every approach to insipidity is the antipathy of heroism; and the recitative of stage speaking is insipidity itself. It is a grown child repeating his lesson.

4. He cannot take short steps: for they are the marks of meanness, trifling, and indecision. The qualities of the hero are exactly the reverse.

5. He cannot swing his arm, or arms, in the air; for that is monotony of action, and has all the vices that appertain to a monotonous delivery. His gestures, like his words, are decisive, dignified, and have a precise intention.

6. He cannot hold back his head: for that implies inflated self-sufficiency, and a desire of extorting slavish obedience. The hero has a consciousness that his power is acknowledged, and he only commands obedience when the want of it would be dangerous. He knows nothing of slavery, except the obedience which reason exacts be so called. Tyrants only have slaves.

7. He cannot have a cringing and contracted deportment: for that denotes both mental and bodily debility,

and the consciousness of superior power is never absent from the hero.

8. He cannot stiffen and endeavour to swell his limbs: for that, once more, depicts ostentation and imbecility.

9. He cannot either so act, or speak, as to denote confusion of mind: for ordinary minds only are confused. The heroic mind has frequently doubts; but it pauses, examines, and determines: for the thing which it most abhors is indecision. The hero vanishes, whenever indecision appears.

These rules are here given as warnings to the young actors against failings which are much too frequent. If they be true, he cannot but deduce from them, that the deportment of a hero ought to be dignified, yet easy; that of a perfect gentleman, yet disdainful of the gentility and mere ceremony of good breeding—immeasurably beyond them: while the varied tones of his voice, and each word that he utters, should make it evident that he fully comprehends every varied sense in which what he speaks can be understood. In brief, his presence of mind, unshaken fortitude, and especially his consummate intelligence, should approach perfection.

Lovers.—In the lover, all the exterior charms, which can steal upon and enslave the female heart, should be combined: a smiling, prepossessing, yet anxious face, beauty of form, elegance of manners, sweetness of voice, passionate eyes, and susceptibility of heart, should all enrapture his mistress. Add to these the feminine beauties, graces, and accomplishments, and the description will be suitable to the other sex.

Gentlemen.—The requisites to *personate this character completely* are many, and difficult indeed to attain: they are, perfect ease of deportment, even under the most embarrassing circumstances; manners that conciliate, and gain universal esteem; good breeding, so disciplined as never to be thrown from its guard, or, except on the most extraordinary occasions, betrayed to the discovery of passion; a smooth and flowing enunciation; a bland gaiety of heart, that no trifles can disturb; a flattering, yet not officious, attention to every person present; and all those charms of address and demeanour which cannot fail to win our affections. There have been almost *as few gentlemen* on the stage *as heroes.*

Tradesmen.—In a certain sense, all the characters of middle life are affiliated to this class: but, as it is not here intended to individualize them, this subdivision will be deferred. The qualities of a tradesman are such as most performers, who have abilities for the dramatic art, may easily personate. Habit induces the mere tradesman to be subservient in his manner, especially to the wealthy, and on extraordinary occasions servile: he renders contradiction smooth, listens to it patiently, intends to flatter, but does it awkwardly, complies with any request if his interest be not compromised, is always ready with the tradesman's bow, not only at meeting and parting, but wherever it can be intruded; and his eye, attitudes, and slightest actions, wherever his interest is concerned, are all anxiously intent on and subservient to that eager desire of gain which habit has rendered a predominant passion. By the nature and extent of this, his deportment is regu-

lated. His propensities appear on all occasions; but they appear slightly, earnestly, or extravagantly, in proportion to supposed loss or gain. It is not by this intended to depreciate a class of men, but to describe habits, which are inevitably fostered by barter and sale, unless counteracted by superiority of mind, or extraneous circumstances; and to give a picture such as an actor, who literally personates a tradesman, ought to have in contemplation.

Clowns.—Rustic appearance, vacant or gazing eyes, an open mouth, arms dangling, yet the shoulders raised, the toes turned inward, a shambling gait with a heavy step, great slowness of conception, and apparent stupidity of mind and manner, characterise the absolute clown. The varieties of this class, like the last, are interesting subjects of study for the stage; but are too frequently misunderstood. Vary the portrait by red ribbands, yellow petticoats, timidity, and maudlin freaks, and his counter-part is seen.

Heroines.—Give feminine dignity of person, and all the qualities described under the title *heroes*, with that pervading force of sensibility which shall never vanquish, though it shall often endanger heroism, and the heroine will be nearly perfect.

Fine ladies.—The fine lady is, or should be, even a more fascinating character on the stage, than that which has been pictured under the head *gentlemen*; for, to the almost unattainable graces of the gentleman, she should add a continued playfulness, a visible coquetry, which, though perfectly at her command, should appear spontaneous, and an ample mixture of delightful caprice, which

she evidently indulges only to make herself more captivating. Should the actress suffer the least vulgarity to appear, in either walk, attitude, dress, or enunciation, the fine lady instantly vanishes. Her *dress* is of so much consequence, that, the moment she appears, her character should be visible; and this *art of dress* is only to be attained by the study of that which is almost simplicity itself; or would be, were she but to take away a very few ornaments, tastefully selected and admirably placed, by which she intends to be distinguished.

Hoydens.—A hoyden exhibits herself by an impatient readiness to romp, eagerness to contradict, fretfulness if contradicted, vehement wishes to enjoy, dress that is ridiculous by exceeding the fashion, and, while absurd in manner, loud of voice, and a total stranger to good breeding, by an air of excessive self-satisfaction.

Chambermaids.—Volubility, pertness, a prevailing sense of self-importance, irksome curiosity, uncommon acuteness in all that relates to family secrets, extreme ignorance of every thing beyond her sphere, impatience to prattle, timidity when over-awed, and a pleasure in being rude when she dare, are most of them what the chambermaid supposes to be her peculiar airs and graces.

Middle and old age.—In the various stages of declining life, though the passions are less strong, many of the evil habits of youth become rooted, and should appear mingled with the propensities which prevail in age. Among these propensities are, anxiety concerning trifles, increasing avarice, obstinacy, a petulant inclination to contradict, a gradual disregard of good breeding, ceremony, and dress,

uncontrolable peevishnesss, and change of voice, walk, and carriage; all which qualities are to be regulated partly by age, but still more by the mental strength or debility of the character supposed.

In the personification of the above classes, and of all the characters which are allied to them, the peculiar study of the actor should be directed to understand the limits of insipidity and exaggeration.

Going off at a wrong door, or rather when there is not supposed to be any door or aperture, is an error which must always be avoided. In the mode of entering and retiring from the stage, a judicious actor cannot too carefully consider what is the tone of feeling, which he himself is supposed to have in combination with that of other performers, or rather of the scene itself. Offence is sometimes given, to a discriminating judge, by the performer's neglect of this consideration, at entering; but more frequently at forgetting as it were to give intimation, either by a restless look, an attitude, an approach to the door, or some other mode of intending soon to depart. Unless in particular cases, departure should never appear to be unexpected and abrupt; for then it is not only spiritless, but often improbable, and certainly unmeaning. To enter and retire perfectly in unison with the tone, or passion, of the scene, is what may be called a delicate branch of the art of acting; which, though it does not require deep study, demands great attention.

CHAP. II.

The principal Passions, Humorous Sentiments, and Intentions, to be expressed by Speech and Action.

JOY, when sudden and violent, is expressed by clapping of hands, and exulting looks; the eyes are opened wide, and on some occasions, raised to heaven. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated. The voice rises, from time to time, to very high notes.

DELIGHT, or PLEASURE, is expressed by placid looks and moderate smiles.

TRANQUILLITY, or APATHY, appears by the composure of the countenance, and general repose of the body and limbs, without the exertion of any one muscle; the countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth not quite shut, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any.

CHEERFULNESS adds a smile, opening the mouth a little more.

MIRTH, or LAUGHTER, opens the mouth still more towards the ears, crisps the nose, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; shakes and convulses the whole frame, and (appearing to give some pain) occasions holding the sides.

GRIEF, sudden and violent, expresses itself by beating

the head or forehead, tearing the hair, and catching the breath, as if choaking—also by screaming, weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting the eyes from time to time to heaven, and hurrying backwards and forwards. This is a passion which admits, like many others, of a great deal of stage-trick; but stage-trick, if not well contrived, and equally as well executed, frequently fails of the desired effect.

MELANCHOLY, or FIXED GRIEF, is gloomy, sedentary, motionless. The lower jaw falls, the lips become pale, the eyes are cast down, half shut, and weeping, accompanied with a total inattention to every thing that passes. The words are dragged out rather than spoken; the accent weak and interrupted, sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

DESPAIR, as in a condemned criminal, (*George Barnwell*) or one who has lost all hope of salvation, (*Cardinal Wolsey*) bends the eye-brows downward, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes, and sometimes bites the lips, and gnashes with the teeth. The heart is supposed to be too much hardened to suffer tears to flow; yet the eye-balls will be red and inflamed. The head is hung down upon the breast; the arms are bended at the elbows, the fists clenched hard, and the whole body strained and violently agitated. Groans, expressive of inward torture, accompany the words appertaining to his grief: those words are also uttered with a sullen, eager bitterness, and the tone of the voice is often loud and furious. When despair is supposed to drive the actor to distraction and self-murder, it can seldom or ever be over-acted.

FEAR, violent and sudden, opens the eyes and mouth very wide, draws down the eye-brows, gives the countenance an air of wildness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, lifts up the open hand (the fingers together) to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as shields opposed against it. One foot is drawn back behind the other; so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for fight. The heart beats violently; the breath is fetched quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. Fear is also frequently displayed by a sudden start, and, in ladies, by a violent shriek, which produces fainting. The voice is weak and trembling.

HOPE brightens the countenance, arches the eye-brows, gives the eyes an eager wishful look, opens the mouth to half a smile, bends the body a little forward, the feet equal, spreads the arms, with the hands open, as to receive the object of its longings. The tone of the voice is eager and uneven, inclining to that of joy, but curbed by a degree of doubt and anxiety. *Desire* differs from Hope as to the expression in this particular, that there is more appearance of doubt and anxiety in the former than the latter; for it is one thing to desire what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually obtaining it.

DESIRE expresses itself by bending the body forward, and stretching the arms toward the object as to grasp it: the countenance smiling, but eager and wishful; the eyes wide open, and eye-brows raised; the mouth open; the tone of voice suppliant, but lively and cheerful (unless there be *distress* as well as desire); the words are uttered

with a kind of rapidity, accompanied (chiefly in distress) with sighs.

Love, when successful, lights up the countenance into smiles. The forehead is smooth and enlarged; the eye-brows are arched, the mouth a little open and smiling, the eyes languishing, and half shut, or gazing upon the beloved object. The countenance assumes the eager and wishful look of *desire*, as above, but mixed with an air of satisfaction and repose. The accents are soft and winning; the tone of voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical, rapturous, as in joy. The attitude much the same as that of *desire*; sometimes both hands pressed eagerly to the bosom. Love, unsuccessful, adds an air of anxiety and melancholy. Kneeling is often necessary in all suppliant passions; but it is only necessary to bend one knee in cases of love, desire, &c. which must never be the one that is next to the audience.

Jealousy, which is a mixture of passions, directly contrary to one another, can only be justly represented by one who is capable of delineating all those passions by turns. Jealousy shews itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind, &c.: sometimes it bursts out in piteous complaint, and weeping; then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face, clouded with a general gloom, shews the mind overcast again with horrid suspicions and frightful imaginations. Then the arms are folded upon the breast, the fists violently clenched, the rolling eyes darting fury. (*Othello.*) At sight of the charms of his once and still-beloved object,

reason may return, and she appears, to his imagination, like the sweetness of the rising dawn. (*Alonzo* in the *Revenge.*) Violent agitations succeed. His monster-breeding fancy represents her now as false as she is fair. His words are uttered with fury, and he spurns her from him. He throws himself on the ground—then he springs up, and with perturbed looks and action, rails against all woman-kind—(*Castalio* in the *Orphan.*) As poets have variously described this passion, an actor must accordingly vary his representation of it: as he must frequently fall upon the ground, he should previously raise both hands clasped together, in order to denote anguish, and which will at the same time prevent him from hurting himself;—he must then fall flat, either on his face, or on his side, with his face to the audience—for it would be ridiculous to see a man, who is supposed to be tormented with grief and fury, *quietly lie down.* This fall must be repeatedly studied, it being also necessary in *madness, &c.;* and indeed jealousy may be termed a madness.

RAGE, or ANGER, expresses itself with rapidity, interruption, rant, harshness, and trepidation. The neck is stretched out, the head forward, often nodding, and shaken, in a menacing manner, against the object of the passion; the eyes alternately staring and rolling, the eye-brows drawn down over them, and the forehead wrinkled into clouds; the nostrils stretched wide—every muscle strained; the breast heaving, and the breath fetched hard; the mouth open, and drawn on each side towards the ears, shewing the teeth in a gnashing posture; the feet often stamping; the right arm frequently thrown out,

and menacing with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body.

PEEVISHNESS, or ILL-NATURE, is a lower degree of anger, and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more moderately; with half sentences and broken speeches, uttered hastily; the upper lip drawn up disdainfully; the eyes asquint upon the object of displeasure.

MALICE, or SPITE, sets the jaws, or gnashes with the teeth; the mouth is drawn towards the ears; both fists clenched, and the elbows bent in a straining manner. The tone of voice, and expression, are much the same with those of anger, but the pitch not so loud.

ENVY is a little more moderate in its gestures than malice; but much the same in kind.

REVENGE, TYRANNY, and CRUELTY, are expressed in the same manner as rage, malice, and the other irascible passions.

HATRED, or AVERSION, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back, as avoiding the approach of what he hates: the hands at the same time are thrown out, spread, as if to keep it off; the face turned away from the side toward which the hands are thrown out; the eyes looking angrily, and asquint, the same way the hands are directed; the eye-brows drawn downward; the upper lip disdainfully drawn up; but the teeth set; the pitch of the voice loud, the tone chiding, unequal, surly, vehement.

COMMENDATION, or APPROBATION, from a superior, puts on the aspect of love, (excluding desire and

respect) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice ; the arms gently spread, the palms of the hands towards the person approved.

Courage, steady and cool, opens the countenance, and gives the whole form an erect and graceful air ; the accents are strong and articulate ; the voice firm and even ; the arm sometimes akimbo.

EXHORTING, or ENCOURAGING, as of an army by a general, is expressed with some part of the looks and action of courage.

GRAVITY, or SERIOUSNESS, draws down the eyebrows a little ; casts down, or shuts, or raises the eyes to heaven ; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close ; the posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much emotion ; the speech slow and solemn, the tone unvarying.

ENQUIRY, into an obscure subject, fixes the body in one posture ; the head stooping, and the eyes poring ; the eye-brows drawn down.

ATTENTION, to an esteemed or superior character, has the same aspect ; the eyes often cast down upon the ground, sometimes fixed on the face of the speaker, but not too pertly.

MODESTY, or SUBMISSION, bends the body forward ; levels the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character ; the voice low, and the tone submissive.

ANXIETY, or PERPLEXITY, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, draws all the parts of the body together ; gathers the arms upon the breast, unless one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the fore-

head; draws down the eye-brows; hangs the head upon the breast; casts down the eyes, shuts and pinches the eye-lids close; suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated; the actor should sometimes walk about hastily, and stop abruptly. In soliloquies, the tone of his voice is sometimes low, sometimes vehement; his words sometimes slow, and sometimes quick. If speaking to another, his pauses are occasionally long.

VEXATION agitates the whole frame; and, beside expressing itself with the looks, gestures, restlessness, and tone of perplexity, it adds those of complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

PITY, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon the object of compassion with lifted hands; eye-brows drawn down; mouth open, and features drawn together; the voice is frequently to be interrupted with sighs; the hand sometimes employed in wiping the eyes. An actor, however, should not be too fond of displaying his handkerchief, which is more becoming an actress. He should recollect, that weeping is effeminate, and may be derogatory to his character; but in some cases a hero may, even to his honour, weep.

SHAME turns away the face from the beholder; hangs the head; casts down the eyes, and draws down the eye-brows; the speech is delivered in faltering accents. Shame, or confusion, in comedy, admits of some ridiculous gestures and grimaces.

REMORSE casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head; draws the eye-brows down upon the eyes; the right hand beats the breast; the teeth gnash; the whole body is strained and violently

agitated. If this remorse be succeeded by the more gracious disposition of PENITENCE or CONTRITION, then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of doubting and fear) to heaven, and immediately cast down upon the earth. The actor, or actress, should occasionally weep; the knees are bended; the arms spread in a suppliant posture; and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling.

BOASTING, or AFFECTED COURAGE, is loud, blustering, threatening; the eyes stare; the eye-brows drawn down; the face is red and bloated; the mouth pouts out; the voice hollow and thundering; the arms are set akimbo; the head often nodding in a menacing manner; and the right fist clenched, brandished from time to time at the person threatened; the right foot is often stamped upon the ground; the legs take longer strides, and the steps are heavy.

PRIDE assumes a lofty look; the eyes are open, but with the eye-brows considerably drawn down; the mouth pouting out, mostly shut, and the lips pinched close; the words drawl out; a strut, with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance; the arms are generally akimbo; and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large solemn strides.

OBSTINACY adds to the aspect of pride a dragged sourness, like that of *malice*.

AUTHORITY opens the countenance, but draws down the eye-brows a little, so far as to give the look of *gravity*.

COMMANDING requires an air a little more peremptory, with a look rather severe or stern; the hand is held out,

and moved toward the person to whom the orders are given, with the palm upwards, and the head nods toward him.

FORBIDDING, on the contrary, draws the head backward, and holds out the hand, with the palm towards the person; the voice is bold, and the accents strong.

AFFIRMING, if with an oath, is expressed by lifting the open right hand, or both hands and eyes toward heaven; sometimes kneeling: but if conscience be only appealed to, the right hand is laid upon the breast.

DENYING is expressed by pushing the open right hand from you, and turning the face the contrary way. Refusing, when unaccompanied with displeasure, is done with a visible reluctance, which occasions the bringing out the words slowly, and with a shake of the head.

GRANTING, when done with unreserved good-will, is accompanied with a benevolent aspect and tone of voice; the right hand pressed to the left breast, to signify how heartily the favour is granted, and the benefactor's joy in conferring it.

DISMISSING, with approbation, is done with a kind aspect and tone of voice; the right hand open, gently waved toward the person: with displeasure, besides the look and tone of voice which suits displeasure, the hand is hastily thrown out toward the person dismissed, the back part toward him; the countenance at the same time turned away from him.

JUDGING demands a grave steady look, with deep attention; the countenance altogether clear from any appearance of either disgust or favour; the accents slow,

distinct, emphatical, accompanied with little action, and that very grave.

REPROVING puts on a stern aspect; roughens the voice, and is accompanied with gestures, not much different from those of threatening, but not so lively.

THREATENING puts on the same look and voice of reproving; brandishes the right hand, and sometimes shakes it; the voice strong, and the accents quick.

ACQUITTING is performed with a benevolent, tranquil countenance, and tone of voice; the right hand, if not both, open, waved gently toward the person acquitted, expressing dismission.

CONDEMNING assumes a severe look, but mixed with pity; the sentence is to be expressed as with reluctance.

PARDONING differs from acquitting, in that the latter means clearing a person, after trial of guilt; whereas the former supposes guilt, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from punishment. Pardoning requires some degree of aspect and tone of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire unmixed approbation; otherwise its expression is much the same as granting.

TEACHING, EXPLAINING, or GIVING ORDERS to an inferior, requires an air of superiority to be assumed: the features are to be composed to an authoritative gravity; the eyes steady and open; the eye-brows a little drawn over, but not so much as to look surly or dogmatical (except in the character of a pedant): the pitch of the voice must be strong and clear, the tone varying according as the emphasis requires; and much accenting is necessary in expressing matter of this sort; the articu-

lation must also be distinct; the utterance slow, and the manner peremptory.

ARGUING requires a cool, sedate, attentive aspect, and a clear, slow, emphatical accent, with much demonstration by the hand.

VENERATION, or ADDRESSING HEAVEN, requires, during the speech, the head to be raised, and the eyes lifted; after the speech, the head should bow, and the eye-brows be drawn down in the most respectful manner; one knee should be bended, and the features should demonstrate the most profound gravity.

DUTY, or RESPECT, for a parent or superior, puts on the looks and gesture of modesty.

GIVING, INVITING, SOLICITING, and such-like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love, but more moderate. In soliciting, it is frequently necessary to kneel, and to speak with ardour.

WONDER, or AMAZEMENT, (without any other interesting passion, as *love, esteem, &c.)* opens the eyes, sometimes raising them, but oftener, and more expressively, fixing them on the object, if visible, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*; if the hands hold any thing at the time when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it drop, unconscious, and the whole body fixes in a contracted, stooping posture, the mouth open, and the hands held up open.

ADMIRATION, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, and *love*, or *esteem*, takes away the familiar gesture and

expression of *love*, but keeps the respectful look and attitude, like that of *modesty* and *veneration*; the eyes are opened wide, and now and then raised; the mouth opened; the hands lifted up; and the tone of the voice rapturous.

GRATITUDE puts on an aspect full of complacency or love; if the object thereof be a character greatly superior, it expresses much modesty and submission; the right hand pressed upon the breast, accompanies (very properly) the expression of a sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation.

CURIOSITY, as of a busy-body, opens the eyes and mouth; lengthens the neck; bends the body forward, and fixes it in one posture, with that of *admiration*, assuming alternately the looks of *hope*, *desire*, *attention*, *&c.*

PERSUASION puts on the look of moderate *love*; its accents are soft, flattering, emphatical, and articulate.

TEMPTING, or WHEEDLING, expresses itself much in the same way as *persuasion*, only carrying the fawning part to excess.

PROMISING is expressed with benevolent looks; the nod of consent, and the open hands gently moved toward the person to whom the promise is made, the palms upwards: the sincerity of the promise may be expressed by laying the right hand gently upon the breast.

AFFECTATION displays itself in a thousand different gestures, motions, airs, and looks, according to the character. Affectation of learning gives a stiff formality to the whole person; the words come out slowly, and every sentence is pronounced with solemnity.—*(Doctor Pangloss*

in the *Heir at Law*—*Gradus* in *Who's the Dupe*—*Lingo* in the *Agreeable Surprise*, &c.) Affectation of piety, turns up the whites of the eyes now and then; the hands are clasped together, and often lifted; and the head often shaken with a vehemence; the tone of the voice is canting.—*(The Hypocrite.)* Affectation of elegance and finery, tosses the head with conceit; minces the words, and often assumes a squeaking voice; uses the spy-glass frequently; lolls about, and throws himself in all the attitudes of a modern man of fashion.—*(Jessamy* in *Lionel and Clarissa*—*Lord Foppington* in the *Trip to Scarborough*—*Gradus* in the second act of *Who's the Dupe*—*Tom Shuffleton* in *John Bull*, &c.) Affectation of drunkenness, displays forced staggers, and assumes forced hickups.—*(Don Felix* in the fifth act of the *Wonder.)* Affectation of love, assumes all the manners of that passion, mixed with the looks of hypocrisy.—(*Mrs. Millwood* in *George Barnwell.*) Affectation of beauty, in order to captivate the beholder, puts the actress, by turns, into all sorts of forms, appearances, and attitudes: the coquetish affectation of a young lady, is displayed by many unnatural gestures, and a continual admiration of her own sweet self.—*(Miss Sterling* in the *Clandestine Marriage.)* That of an old maid, is displayed by an awkward imitation of youth and juvenile manners.—(*Laurelia Durable* in *Raising the Wind.*) Affectation of fashion, in an old maid, is expressed by a pompousness of accent, combined with extreme awkwardness.—(*Mrs. Heighdelberg* in the *Clandestine Marriage.*) Such characters can seldom be over-acted.

SLOTH appears by yawning, dosing, snoring; the head dangling, sometimes to one side, and sometimes to the other; the arms stretched out; the eyes heavy, and sometimes closed; the words drawling out, scarcely audible, and sometimes broken off. People who walk in their sleep *(Lady Macbeth)* appear as if in a dream, but with their eyes open.

FATIGUE gives a general languor to the body:—the countenance is dejected, the arms listless, and the legs, if walking, are dragged heavily along, and seem, at every step, to bend under the weight of the body; the voice is weak.

INTOXICATION, or DRUNKENNESS, shews itself by the eyes half shut, sleepy, stupid, and inflamed. An idiot smile, a ridiculous surliness, or affected bravado, mark the countenance: the words are interrupted with hickups, and without proper articulation; the head seems too heavy for the neck; the arms dangle from the shoulders; the legs totter and bend at the knees, and a general incapacity exhibits human nature sunk below the brutal. The actor, in staggering, may sometimes have occasion to fall, which must be done with great adroitness, as a drunken man's falls are generally violent.

COMPLAINING, when under violent pain, *(Aboan* in *Oroonoko)* distorts the features, almost closes the eyes—sometimes raises them wishfully; opens the mouth, gnashes the teeth, draws up the upper lip, draws down the head upon the breast, and the whole body together: the arms are violently bent at the elbows, and the fists strongly clenched; the voice is uttered in groans.

DOTAGE, or INFIRM OLD AGE, shews itself by hollowness of eyes and cheeks, dimness of sight, deafness, and tremor of voice; hams weak, knees tottering, hands or head paralytic, hollow coughing, frequent expectoration, breathless wheezing, occasional groaning, and the body stooping under an insupportable load of years.——*(Adam* in the *Iron Chest.)*

ABSENCE OF MIND displays a total inattention to what passes, and commits every mistake with a seeming unconsciousness. The least appearance of *art* destroys the whole effect of the character.

HYPOCRISY has generally a smile on the face when the person to be deceived is present; but when alone in his soliloquies, the villain is then to be pourtrayed in the countenance.——*(Iago* in *Othello—Maskwell* in the *Double Dealer.)*

FOLLY gives the face an habitual thoughtless grin, or is sometimes more effectually expressed by a wild stare and a vacuity of countenance.—*(Jacob Gawkey* in the *Chapter of Accidents.)* Such characters frequently admit of many grimaces and ridiculous gestures, &c.

MADNESS opens the eyes to a frightful wildness—rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object; distorts every feature; appears all agitation: the voice sometimes loud and sometimes plaintive, accompanied with tears; rushing in and out furiously at every entrance and exit.—*(Octavian* in the *Mountaineers.)*

SICKNESS displays extreme languor in every motion and utterance; the eyes dim, and the voice faltering—the hands shaking, and the knees tottering.

FAINTING (which is common in ladies' characters) is represented by a seemingly sudden deprivation of all senses. The actress must fall apparently lifeless into another's arms, who must be prepared to catch her.

DEATH is exhibited by violent distortion, groaning, gasping for breath, stretching the body, raising it, and then letting it fall.—Dying in a chair, as often practised in some characters, is very unnatural, and has little or no effect.

Lower degrees of passion are to be expressed by more moderate exertions of voice and gesture, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

Mixed passions, or emotions of the mind, require a mixed expression. *Pity*, for example, is composed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, express both grief and love in expressing pity; and so of the rest.

There may be other humours, or passions, besides these, which an actor may have occasion to express; but these are the principal: and if there be any others, they will occur among the following examples for practice, taken from our most approved ancient and modern dramatists; and rules will be given for expressing them. As every young actor and actress should make the subject of this chapter their primary consideration, we recommend for study

COLLINS's ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

"WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

"First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

"Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightning own'd his secret stings—
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

"With woeful measures, wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air—
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

" But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,

And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole.
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder slung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
He, with vinvy crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best ;
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

"O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page——
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound——
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!"

CHAP. III.

Examples of the several Dramatic Passions in Tragedy or Serious Drama; with cursory Remarks.

JOY.

CASTALIO.

"WHERE am I! surely Paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here;
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a mad man's frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.
To touch thee's Heaven, but to enjoy thee—Oh!
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure, framing thee Heaven took unusual care,
And its own beauty has design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there."

Orphan.

This passion, which cannot be expressed without an animated look and a vivacious air, seldom or ever occurs in tragedy, except when it is succeeded by disappointment and vexation.

GRIEF.

Madame CLERMONT *and* ADRIAN.

" *Mad.* Adrian ! have our visitors departed ?

Adr. This instant, we exchanged adieu !

Mad. 'Tis well—it was my wish to find you alone—to speak to you without a witness——

Adr. Whence is this disorder ?—your look—your voice—your manner——

Mad. If they are wild and terrifying, they do but reflect my heart.—Are you prepared to quit your native valley, and accompany me to a distant country ?

Adr. Eternal powers ! whither would you go ?

Mad. I have not yet decided—but all roads are equal to me, if they lead from Rosenheim.

Adr. I shudder while you speak—at Rosenheim lives Orrila—must I separate from her ?

Mad. Or from *me !* Answer me, Adrian ! from your childhood upwards, have I not proved to you a kind, indulgent parent ? have I not watched by you in sickness, and administered to your pleasures when in health ? does the unwearied care of twenty teen years entitle me to your gratitude ?—Is my happiness regarded by my son ?

Adr. Ah ! why those questions ? Heaven sees my heart, and knows that it is grateful.

Mad. Then, by every claim of duty, and every prayer of nature, I call upon you to preserve a mother from distraction :—will you consent to leave this country ?

Adr. What are your motives for departure ?

Mad. I cannot utter them. Oh! Adrian, you are the only object of my love on earth—I cannot resign you but with life: yet man, cruel man, would despoil me of my treasure;—afar, to wilds and woods, and pathless deserts, let me fly, and hide you from his search!

Adr. Merciful heavens! what is my danger? whom must I shun?

Mad. Altenburg! If he sees you, I am lost; he would tear you from me; and that instant, despair would strike me to the grave!

Adr. Impossible! In earth's wide range, no heart so ruthless can be found, that would despoil a parent of its only child.

Mad. [*Shrieking franticly.*] Peace, inhuman boy, peace! peace! let me not hear those words—those fatal, doom-denouncing words; I burn—I blaze—madness scorches my brain!

Adr. What have I said to wound you? how have I offended?

Mad. [*Flinging herself wildly at his feet.*] Adrian! behold me at your feet! The mother kneels before the son!

Adr. Madame! parent! rise! rise!

Mad. Never, till you have promised to comply! I am wild—I am desperate—speak, then, for life or death is in your word!

Adr. At once I yield my fate into your hands—dispose, as you will, of it and me.

Mad. Take my eternal blessing in reward.—This night we leave the valley.

Adr. Oh, my heart! but shall we not return?

Mad. Never, while Altenburg remains at Rosenheim.

Adr. Has he, then, injured you so deeply?

Mad. He is my bane—my curse—my horror! He steeped my early youth in tears of bitterness; and now, in riper age, his fatal agency pursues me still.

Adr. Oh! for those tears, may the oppressor's life drops fall! Hear me, eternal justice! while I curse——

Mad. [*Catching his arm.*] Forbear! though all mankind conspire to curse his name, still be your lip silent! Altenburg must be arraigned by you;—no—no—never by you!

Adr. Am I not bound to hate the man who persecutes my mother?

Mad. To shun, but not to hate him.

Adr. Your words confound me.—Oh! say, what dreadful mystery is woven with my fate?

Mad. Inquire not, and live happy.—Ills without remedy, are best without a care.

Adr. My soul cries out, and must be satisfied—you possess the fatal secret.

Mad. But never will divulge its nature.

Adr. Cruel!

Mad. Ah! rather call me kind! Adrian, submit:—your word is pledged;—and I exact the promise.

Adr. It shall be performed.—But oh! my heart sickens at the thought—must I lose Orrila?

Mad. You will save a parent.—Come, prepare for departure: a moment's struggle, and the sacrifice is past! Safety and peace invite us hence;—ruin and despair

await us here;—the destroyer is at our gate;—decide to fly, or perish."—*Adrian and Orrila.*

In the delineation of this passion, the look must be accommodated to the voice, and both action and accent display a heartfelt and passionate sorrow. Should it be grief succeeding joy, the transition from pleasure to pain must be sudden and impressive.

FEAR—AGITATION—TERROR.

HASSAN *and* SAIB. (OSMOND *rushes in wildly.)*

"*Osm.* Save me! Save me!—They are at hand! Oh! let them not enter.—[*Sinks into the arms of Saib.*]

Saib. What can this mean?—See, how his eyes roll! How violently he trembles!

Has. Speak, my lord—Do you not know us?

Osm. [*Recovering himself.*] Ha! Whose voice?—Hassan's?—And Saib too here?—Oh! Was it then but a dream? Did I not hear those dreadful, those damning words——Still, still they ring in my ears. Hassan! Hassan! Death must be bliss in flames or on the rack, compared to what I have this night suffered!

Has. Compose yourself, my lord! Can a mere dream unman you thus?

Osm. A mere dream, say'st thou? Hassan, 'twas a dream of such horror! Did such dreams haunt my bitterest foe, I should wish him no severer punishment.—Mark you not, how the ague of fear still makes my limbs tremble? Roll not my eyes, as if still gazing on the

Spectre? Are not my lips convulsed, as were they yet prest by the kiss of corruption? Oh! 'twas a sight that might have bleached joy's rosy cheek for ever, and strewed the snows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets! Yet, away with these terrors! Hassan, thou saidst, 'twas but a dream: I was deceived by fancy. Hassan, thou saidst true; there is not, there cannot be, a world to come.

Has. My lord!

Osm. Answer me not! Let me not hear the damning truth! Tell me not, that flames await me! that for moments of bliss I must endure long ages of torture! Plunge me rather in the thickest gloom of Atheism! Say, that with my body must perish my soul! For, oh! should my fearful dream be prophetic!—Hark, fellows! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment!—Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repose the reliques of my ancestors! My eye dwelt with awe on their tombs, with disgust on Mortality's surrounding emblems! Suddenly a female form glided along the vault: It was Angela! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her—when suddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom!—Hassan, 'twas Evelina!

Saib and Has. Evelina!

Osm. Such as when she sank at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger still crimsoned with her blood!—"We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice. "Now rush to my arms, but first see "what you have made me! Embrace me, my bride-

" groom! We must never part again!"—While speaking, her form withered away: the flesh fell from her bones; her eyes burst from their sockets: a skeleton, loathsome and meagre, clasped me in her mouldering arms!——

Saib. Most horrible!

Osm. Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rotting fingers pressed my hand, and my face was covered with her kisses! Oh! then, then how I trembled with disgust! And now blue dismal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent asunder; bands of fierce spectres rushed round me in frantic dance; furiously they gnashed their teeth while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell—" Welcome, thou fratricide! Welcome, " thou lost for ever!"—Horror burst the bands of sleep; distracted I flew hither: But my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless to express them."—*Castle Spectre.*

It seems our modern writers, conceiving Tragedy to be now out of fashion, have introduced the sorrowful Muse under the title of a PLAY, or DRAMA, in which she is accompanied by Comedy, and, what is more extraordinary, unnatural Opera, in order, it is presumed, to gratify *every* taste:—from these *half* or *third part* tragedies, we shall, however, be under the necessity of occasionally borrowing extracts.

In the above picture of terror, the actor's countenance must be expressive of his agitation. Trembling, gasping for breath, starting, and other stage-tricks, are necessary, but must be introduced with judgment. By means of

pauses and breathings, a judicious performer will be able to preserve his voice, and at the same time convey to the audience a better idea of the inward agitations of a heart disturbed and shaken: but too many pauses will become tedious, and destroy the effect of the scene.

In describing the agitation of a person, the narrator should, as it were, give a copy of that terror, but not to such a degree as if it were himself that was alarmed. ——Here the actor must appear to *act*, and display the difference between art and nature. As for example:—

SOLERNO *to* DIANORA, *&c.*

" *Solerna.* He's a villain certain;
Endures not solitude; is ever restless:
Nay, even 'mid the revelry of wassail,
Sometimes black Melancholy seizes on him,
And then stares he into the vacant air,
Glaring around with epilepsied eye;
After a while, as rousing from a dream,
Though no one spake, he cries, ' Forgive me, sir;
' I mark'd you not—Now let's be merry, friends.'
And thus he strives to quell his troublous thoughts,
Which, ever and anon up-boiling, plague him.

* * * * *

One stormy evening, which expir'd in tears,
I saw Don Manuel pacing to and fro—
There, where Ansaldo's iron effigy
Gleams 'mid the chivalry of ancestors,
The rattling casements stream'd with heavy drops,
And hollow blasts, hurtling through peaked

Re-bellow'd down the gloomy passages,
Making the doors to groan of this old mansion.
In haste he went, and seem'd to be disturb'd,
More than the elements disquiet seem'd.
While I, unseen, stood watching his demeanour,
His eyes upon the vacant statue fell;
Appal'd he started back, with either hand
Shielding his face, as though a ghost had cross'd him:
Then on the figure gaz'd, with folded arms,
And forehead all convuls'd, and quiv'ring lip.
Long having stood absorb'd in thought profound,
He smote his brow, and earnestly exclaim'd,
'O! deed accurst—would it had ne'er been done!'
More words, perchance, had burst from his dark mind,
But, hearing somewhat stir, he pry'd around,
And, much alarm'd, slunk back to his apartment."

Regent.

HAMLET, GHOST, HORATIO, *&c.*

"*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!——
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane! O answer me,
Why thy bones, hears'd in canonized earth,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his pond'rous and marble jaws,
To cast thee forth again? What may this mean,
That thy dead corse again in warlike steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?
Say, why is this? What would'st thou have done for thee?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit, to earth return'd,
Foul murder to disclose.—List then, O Hamlet!
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me. So the ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of my death,
Grossly abused. But know, thou princely youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father dead,
Now wears his crown. Sleeping within an alcove,
On my security thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon distill'd,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The lep'rous poison, whose contagious nature
Holds such an enmity with the life of man,
That with a sudden vigour it doth curdle
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
And instantly a tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft,
Cut off even in the blossom of my sins;
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account,

With all my imperfections on my head.
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for filthiness, and beastly incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st redress,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought. Leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns, that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shews the morning to be near;
His ineffectual fire begins to pale.
Farewell. Remember me."——*Hamlet.*

Hamlet, standing in conversation with Horatio and Marcellus, is supposed to be turned from the place where the ghost appears, which is consequently first seen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word—" it comes!" Hamlet turns hastily toward it, and starts; but remaining still in the same position his alarm and consternation throw him, he expresses his fear in the first line—" Angels and ministers," &c.: then, after a pause, looking earnestly at the spectre, he goes on—" Be thou a spirit," &c.

The speech of the Ghost, which is also indicative, at the beginning, of horror, should be spoken without action, very slow and solemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow dreary tone.

HOPE.

POLYDORE.

"Now
To cheat his brother, will 't be honest that?
I heard the sign she order'd him to give.
Oh for the art of Proteus but to change
Th' unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily possest of more
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give the unregarded signal; Oh!
What a malicious pleasure will that be!
Just three soft strokes against my chamber door,
But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a mistress that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys!
One that has wit to charm the very soul,
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest Heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please!"—*Orphan.*

In expressing this passion, the same animation of countenance is necessary as is required in denoting Joy; but when in a villain's character, (as above) this animation should be tinctured with a kind of malicious vivacity.

DESPAIR.

LLEWELLYN. *(Solus.)*

" So, one day more of freedom in despair!
I thought this heart was proof against my fate,
But it at length sinks under the oppression.
Yet, if I droop, it is not that the elements
Warp round my shivering body; nor that thou,
Soul-sickening Famine, scowl'st upon my head;
Ingratitude! that harpy, ploughs my bosom,
And drives her talons to my secret soul!
O man, man, man, Creation's pride and shame,
How shall we palliate thy treachery?
The brute, obeying instinct, loves his master,
And chance offending, humbles at his feet,
Willing to bleed for pardon:—but the friend,
The bosom-friend, that image of a god!
Drinks the life-blood there, revels in the stream,
And drops his traitor poison in the spring."

Cambro Britons.

This passion admits of much stage-trick; convulsive struggles; beating the forehead; temporary pauses; downcast looks; and sometimes uplifted eyes.

LOVE.

ROMEO.

—— " Soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick, and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that!
Her eye discourses, I will answer it:
I am too bold.—Oh, were those eyes in Heav'n,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks! she speaks!
Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from Heav'n
To the upturn'd wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air!

Jul. Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this!
[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title. Romeo, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As the vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form: fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay;
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lover's perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discover'd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear—Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens.—Sweet, good night ;
This bud of love, by summer's rip'ning breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me, so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it ;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? For what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have ; for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu.

[Nurse *calls within.*

Anon, good nurse—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream!
Too flattering sweet, to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within,* Madam.
I come anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within,* Juliet.] By and by I come——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo! hist! O for a falk'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis seventy years till then—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stand here, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thy eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell."

Romeo and Juliet.

The character of a lover is more difficult to perform than is generally imagined: the utmost tenderness is to be expressed, both by look and manner; and the delivery should be gentle and insinuating: *Feeling* is a necessary ingredient for this character. In Love, several other passions occasionally occur, such as Joy, Grief, Hope, Fear, Anger, Jealousy, Wonder, Pity, Scorn, &c.; but *unmixed* love is always void of rant.

JEALOUSY AND DISSIMULATION.

OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

"*Oth.* Ha! false to me!

Iago. How now, noble general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! Be gone! Thou sett'st me on the rack.
Better, unknowing, to be much abus'd,
Than but to doubt the least.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her unfaithfulness?
I thought not of it; felt no injury;
I slept untroubled; I wak'd free and cheerful.
O now, farewell for ever, blessed peace
Of mind! Farewell the tranquil breast,
The plumed troops, the thunders of the war,
The fire of valour, and the pride of triumph!
Othello is a wicked woman's mock'ry.

Iago. Is't possible, my lord, you should be thus.—
Oth. Villain! Be sure thou prove my love a whore.
[*Catching him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
'Twere better for thee to have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this! Good Heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul, or sense?
I've done. Take my office.—Wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! What times are we fall'n upon?
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and henceforth
I'll love no friend; since love breeds such offence.
[*Going.*
Oth. Nay, stay—thou should'st be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
That loses what it works for.
Oth. In my anguish
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not.
I think that thou art just, and that thou art not.
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black,
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were but satisfied.
Iago. I see sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me, that I ever started it.
Oth. Give me a living reason, she's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:

But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,
Urg'd on by foolish honesty of friendship,
I must go on, or bear the name of slanderer.
I lay in the same room with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. There is a kind of men
So loose of soul, that, in their sleep, will mutter
All their affairs. One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona!
'Let us be wary; let us hide our loves.
'O cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor.'

Oth. O monstrous! I will tear her limb from limb.

Iago. Nay; but be calm. This may be nothing yet.
She may be honest still. But tell me this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one. 'Twas my first gift.

Iago. That I knew not. But such a handkerchief
(I'm sure, it was the same) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. O that the slave had twenty thousand lives!
One is too poor—too weak for my revenge.

Iago. Yet be patient, sir.

Oth. O blood, blood, blood,
Hot, reeking blood shall wash the pois'nous stain,
Which fouls mine honour. From this hour, my thoughts
Shall ne'er look back, nor ebb to humble love,
'Till a capacious, and wide revenge,
Equal to their gross guilt, swallows them up.
Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair sorc'ress, and her smooth adulterer.—
From hence, thou'rt my lieutenant.
Iago. As you will, sir."—*Othello.*

Othello's rage is here inflamed by Iago's artifice.—If the dissembler be properly represented, we *pity* the lover; but if he display his villainy too openly, we look upon Othello as a *fool*, and the effect of the tragedy is totally destroyed. Thus one character depends upon the good acting of the other. Iago, in his soliloquies, is only to appear the villain; but, in his scenes with Othello, he is to affect veracity and friendship. In the first stage of jealousy, alarm and doubting are to be expressed, as in the first scene between Othello and Iago on this subject; but when the lover thinks he has just grounds for his jealousy, as in the above scene, then indignation and revenge succeed.

ANGER.

PRINCE RICHARD *and* ADELAIDE.

" *Pr. Rich.* Madam, beware—For know, the indignation
That on the brow of slander'd innocence
Shews lovely, and is thron'd in dignity,
Speaks in the frowns of guilt a harden'd mind,
That braves the sense of shame.
Ade. Sir, could I bear
This taunt of infamy, with brow unruffled,

I should by acquiescence give a colour
To this unmanly stroke of coward malice.
But, by the voice of conscious truth acquitted,
I scorn its efforts, and I court the conflict.
To the severest test, let malice bring
My every action—point one guilty stain
To blot my spotless fame, my blameless faith
To vows, once breath'd to you, ere frantic passion
Thus taught distemper'd jealousy to start
At self-created phantoms.

Pr. Rich. This is all
Your sex's art, screening your own inconstancy
Beneath a lover's weakness, and excusing
Your own mean falsehood by the storm of jealousy
Excited by that falsehood. Think again—
Search well your inmost soul, and answer truly,
If I am not betray'd.

Ade. No—on my honour—
Not even in thought by me.

Pr. Rich. False maid, beware—
Honour's a sacred name, by which adjur'd,
Even open guilt, that is not sunk by meanness,
Debas'd, as well as profligate—will pause.——

Ade. This is too much! Have I deserv'd this usage?
Knighthood shall blush, basely to injure one
Without a friend to right her; left an hostage
Here among strangers—yet I have a brother—
Ah no! rash Philip is a rude associate
Of your designs. I am alone—deserted—
The mock of fortune.

Pr. Rich. You the mock of fortune?
Is England's monarch then, is potent Henry
Be come so low as not to have the power
To vindicate his mistress? Does that wound you?
I see the conscious guilt glow in your face—
Your blushes speak your falsehood.
Ade. Yes—the blood,
Rous'd by the sense of virtuous indignation,
Mounts to my cheek, to hear the base aspersion
By cruel malice fram'd."—*Adelaide.*

Indignation requires a strong voice; an impatient expression; threatening action, and a fierce aspect.

PITY.

FITZHARDING.

"I have a kind of movement, still, for Wilford,
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him?—Should the boy
Prove guilty!—well; why should I pity guilt?
Philosophers would call me driv'ler.—Let them.
Whip a deserter, and Philosophy
Stands by, and says he merits it. That's true:
But wherefore should Philosophy take snuff,
When the poor culprit writhes? A plague on Stoics!
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak—I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroach,

'Till it run waste, than let a system-monger
Bung it with Logic; or a trencher-cap
Bawl out his ethics on it, 'till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour."—*Iron Chest.*

ZORAYDA *to* VIROLET.

"Sooth, I am weary now—Yet I could on—
And yet I could not—Shall I tell thee, love;
I could not leave this honest wench behind,
And sleep in quiet. She is humble born;
But trust me, Christian, I do see no cause
Why I should blush in feeling for the lowly.
The peasant, pining on his bed of straw,
Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,
As when a monarch suffers."

BULCAZIN *and* ZORAYDA.

"*Bul.* These vile Christians
Vex thy poor father, sore, Zorayda.
Would it not glad thee, wench, to see these dogs
Dragg'd through our towns in chains?
Zor. No, trust me, father:
For when the captives pass, that dig our garden,
Pining in wretchedness, and spirit-broken,
Poor hearts! I turn my head aside, and weep,
To see a sight so piteous. Surely, father,
When Heaven made man, it never was ordain'd
That he should make his fellow-creatures slaves,
And gall them with such cruelty."—*Mountaineers.*

The effusions of a sympathetic heart require to be expressed with an apparent sorrow for the wretched, and in lively accents, denoting sensibility and feeling.

SCORN.

COUNT, PEASANT, *&c.*

" *Count.* Ha! what art thou?
Peas. It seems thy pris'ner: disengage me first
From their rude gripe, and I may tell thee more.
Count. Unhand him. I should know thee; I have seen
Features like thine. Answer me, wert thou found
As these men say?
Peas. I was.
Count. And what thy purpose?
Peas. Chance brought me there.
Count. And did chance lead thee too
To aid a fugitive?
Peas. They saw not that.
Count. They saw it not! How! could her delicate hands,
Weak, soft, and yielding to the gentlest touch,
Sustain that pond'rous mass? No; those tough arms,
Thy force, assisted; else, thou young dissembler——
Peas. She had been seiz'd, and by compulsion brought
Where I stand now.
Count. Thou dost avow it, then,
Boast it even to my face, audacious stripling!

Such insolence and these coarse rustic weeds
Are contradictions. Answer me, who art thou ?

Peas. Less than I should be; more than what I seem.

Count. Hence with this saucy ambiguity.
What is thy name, thy country? that mean habit
(Which should teach humbleness) speaks thy condition.

Peas. My name is Theodore, my country France;
My habit little suited to my mind,
Less to my birth; yet fit for my condition.

Count. O, thou art then some young adventurer,
Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,
Who, scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,
No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,
Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,
To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.
Where are your trains, your pages, and your 'squires ?
Perhaps but poorly lodg'd! am I to blame;
But must excuse my scanted courtesy,
By ignorance of your high character.

Peas. There is a source of reverence for thee here,
Forbids me, though provok'd, retort thy taunts.

Count. If I endure this more, I shall grow vile
Even to my hinds——

Peas. Hold, let me stop thy wrath.
I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,
Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee
From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,
Or me to hear (poor as I seem) with honour,
I will cut short thy interrogatories,
And on this theme give thee the full extent

Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.

Count. Do it.

Peas. Without a view to thwart thy purpose
(Be it what it might), was I within thy walls.
In a dim passage of the castle-aisles,
Musing alone, I heard a hasty tread
And breath drawn short, like one in fear of peril.
A lady enter'd (fair she seem'd, and young,)
Guiding her timorous footsteps by a lamp:
"The lord, the tyrant of this place (she cried)
"For a detested purpose follows me;
"Aid me, good youth:" then, pointing to the ground,
"That door (she added) leads to sanctuary."
I seiz'd an iron hold, and while I tugg'd
To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title.

Count. The lady Isabel?

Peas. The same. A gleam,
Shot from their torches who pursued her track,
Prevented more; she hasten'd to the cave,
And vanish'd from my sight.

Count. And did no awe,
No fear of him she call'd this castle's lord,
Its tyrant, chill thee?

Peas. Awe nor fear I know not,
And trust shall never; for I know not guilt.

Count. Then thou, it seems, art master here, not I;
Thou canst controul my projects, blast my schemes,
And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.
Nay, should my daughter choose to fly my castle,
Against my bidding, guards and bolts are vain:

This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore,
Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.

Peas. Thy daughter! O, I were indeed too bless'd,
Could I but live to render her a service!

Count. My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy service.

Peas. Wherefore am I to blame? What I have done,
Were it to do again, again I'd do it.
And may this arm drop palsied by my side,
When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction!

Count. Indeed!

Peas. Indeed. Frown on. Ask thy own heart,—
Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,
Hunted and trembling, wouldst thou tamely pause,
Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,
And weigh each possibility of danger?
No; the instinctive nobleness of blood
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,
And instant gratify its generous ardour."

Count of Narbonne.

In the Count's character we here see a true picture of scorn, which must chiefly be expressed by contemptuous looks, even when the other is speaking. In the part of a scorner, the judicious poet does not give long speeches, as such a character would disdain to talk much to the object despised. Short jeering expressions, and indignant remarks, are sufficient, except when sarcasm is introduced, as in the following speech;

" O, then thou art some young adventurer," &c.

And again :—

" Then thou, it seems, art master here, not I," &c.

which must be delivered with an air of irony, to display its poignancy and reproach.

HATRED AND REVENGE.

ZANGA *to* ISABELLA.

" To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo.

* * * *

———'Tis twice three years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arms in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I with pious rage pursu'd revenge.
I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day, (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year !)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live ?)
He smote me on the cheek——I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge——E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought ! and like a second blow !

Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge."—*Revenge.*

Hatred is more boisterous than scorn, having the tone of anger and revenge. Revenge is sometimes sullen—meditating—and at other times displaying a maliciousness. When its purpose is obtained, it shews scornful smiles of satisfaction.

WONDER, OR AMAZEMENT.

SCHEDONI *with a lamp and dagger.* (ELLENA *asleep.*)

" *Schedoni.* Yes, she's asleep! Fie on these shaking joints!
Does not my interest tell me she must die?
Hush! sure she speaks!—She never will speak more.
Oh! such weak thinkings will unman me quite.
How deep that sigh!—Her whole frame seems convuls'd——
Can I remove her robe, and not awake her—
(He looks at her breast, and seeing a picture, starts; then eagerly snatches it, drops the dagger, and, shuddering, draws back in an agony of horror.)
Am I alive? and do my eyes see truly?
Or are these features but a fancied charm,
To bind that devil, which tempts me to destruction?
Ellen!—awake! awake!
(Ellena *starts up, shrieks, and falls at his feet.*)
Ell. O save me! save me!

Spalatro will destroy me!

Sched. Quickly, tell me,
How came you by this picture?

Ell. 'Twas my mother's.

Sched. Whose the resemblance—tell me, on your life?—

Ell. It is my father's portrait, and———

Sched. His name?

Ell. The Count de Marinella.

Sched. My child, my child—In me behold that father.
Yet spare me—I shall blast you with my touch.
Stand off! The springs of love are poison'd here;
O misery! To have a star unknown,
Beaming with brightness, rise upon my view,
While all the hemisphere is stain'd with blood.
Let me gaze on thee! O that sweet alarm!
Be hush'd, my child—no danger shall approach thee.
I'll make this breast a bulwark to defend thee.
I rave! O pardon me! and bless your father.

Ell. I stand amaz'd—Eternal Providence!
A father, my deliverer! O, sir, tell me,
Why the first care I meet with from my parent
Preserves the life he gave? My infant years
Ne'er knew a daughter's duty; but my heart
Is apt I feel to learn this filial lesson.

Sched. You shall know all, my child. But ah! the drink!

Ell. Distrusting it, I threw it down, between
The bars of yonder window.
Ha! a dagger! *(Seeing it on the ground.)*

The villain would have stabb'd me as I slept,
Had not the father sav'd me from the blow.

Sched. (Walks from her in the greatest agony.) My Ellen, if you would not blast my senses,
Mention this scene no more. Blot it from memory.
Here, from this hour of terror and of transport,
Promise, if possible, never to think of it.

Ell. O, should I not? when it reminds my heart,
How infinite the debt I owe my father!

* * * * *

Sched. Come, my sole pride——we will away for Rome;
And think me not averse to thy attachment.
Vivaldi shall be thine. I dote in fondness.
My heart, unus'd to be awaken'd thus,
Does, like the bursting rock, gush out in streams;
The flood is pure, and will refine its channel."

Italian Monk.

This passion has all the agitation of fear, but more inquisitiveness: it commences with the start or looks of apprehension, and gradually displays more and more emotion.

AMBITION.

GLOSTER.

"Why, now my golden dream is out———
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back

My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown!
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds!
Oh! how thy awful glory wraps my soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre:
For, not men's love, fear pays thee adoration,
And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth that fir'd the Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it.
Conscience, lie still; more lives must yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintain'd."

Richard III.

CURIOSITY.

Enter DE L'EPEE *and* THEODORE.

"(Theodore *precedes* De l'Epee, *and advancing in great agitation, expresses by signs that he recollects the spot they are in.*)

De l'E. This warm emotion, this sudden change in all his features, convinces me that he recollects this place.—Hadst thou the use of speech!——

(Theodore, *looking round him, observes a church, and gives signs more expressive of his knowing the place.*)

De l'E. It is—it must be so—and am I then at length arrived at the period of my long and painful search!—

(Theodore *now sees the Palace of Harancour: he starts—rivets his eyes to it—advances a step or*

two—points to the statues—utters a shriek—and drops breathless into the arms of De l'Epee.)

De l'E. Ah, my poor wronged boy—for such I am sure you are—that sound goes to my very heart!—He scarcely breathes.—I never saw him so much agitated.—There, there—Come, come.—Why was a voice denied to sensibility so eloquent!

(Theodore *makes signs with the utmost rapidity, that he was born in that Palace—that he lived in it when a child—had seen the statues, come through the gate, &c. &c.*)

De l'E. Yes—in that house was he born.—Words could not tell it more plainly.—The care of heaven still wakes upon the helpless.

(Theodore *makes signs of gratitude to* De l'Epee, *and fervently kisses his hands.*—De l'Epee *explains, that it is not to him, but to heaven, that he ought to pay his thanks.*—Theodore *instantly drops on his knee, and expresses a prayer for blessings on his benefactor.*)

De l'E. (Bare-headed—bows, and says)—O thou, who guidest at thy will the thoughts of men—thou, by whom I was inspired to this great undertaking—O, power omnipotent! deign to accept the grateful adoration of thy servant, whom thou hast still protected—and of this speechless orphan, to whom thou hast made me a second father!—If I have uprightly discharged my duty—if all my love and labours for him may dare to ask a benediction—vouchsafe to shed its dews on this forlorn one, and let his good be all my great reward.——(De l'Epee

raises Theodore, *and embraces him.*)——We must proceed with caution:—and, first, to know who is the owner of this house.

(Theodore *is running to knock at the gate*—De l'Epee *stops him, &c.)*

Enter PIERRE.

Pie. Well—that President is the best natured gentleman——

De l'E. O, here comes one that may, perhaps, instruct me. *(Signs to* Theodore *to attend.)* Pray, sir, can you tell me the name of this square?

Pie. (Aside.) Strangers, I perceive—It is called St. George's Square, sir.—*(Looking at* Theodore.)

De l'E. Thank you, sir.——Another word—Do you know this superb mansion?

Pie. (Observing De l'Epee *and* Theodore *more closely.)* Know it!—I think I ought;—I've lived here these five years.

De l'E. That's fortunate. And you call it——

Pie. (Aside.) Plaguy inquisitive!—A few years ago it was called the Palace of Harancour——

De l'E. Of Harancour?

Pie. But at present it belongs to a gentleman of the name of Darlemont. *(Observing* Theodore.) 'Tis odd—He seems to talk by signs:—Is he dumb?——

(During the above dialogue, Theodore *examines the gateway, pillars, arms, &c. of the* Palace *of* Harancour, *and explains to* De l'Epee *his recollection of the various objects, &c.)*

De l'E. And—who is this gentleman of the name of Darlemont?

(Theodore *now turns his face fairly towards* Pierre.)

Pie. 'Gad, how like it is!—Sir; who is he?

De l'E. Yes;—I mean, what is his rank, his profession?

Pie. *(Still looking at* Theodore.) Profession!—He has no profession, sir;—he's one of the richest men in Toulouse—*(Looking at* Theodore.)—One might almost swear to it.——Your servant, sir;—I'm wanted.——*(Aside.)* Very odd, all these questions.—*(Looking at* Theodore.)—The strongest likeness I ever saw in my life.

[*Exit* Pierre *into the Palace.*

De l'E. Ay, my friend, you little know the motive of my questions. There's not a moment to be lost. This house, that once belonged to so distinguished a family—this Darlemont, the present possessor of it—every circumstance relating to it—must be publicly known in Toulouse. I'll instantly away, seek out some lodging, and then——But, for fear it should escape me——*(Writes in a note-book.)*——Harancour—Darlemont.

(Theodore, *as* De l'Epee *writes, runs to him with eager curiosity* — De l'Epee *presses him in his arms.)*

De l'E. Yes, my poor mute Theodore, if you belong to parents who can feel, no doubt they still lament your loss, and will with transport hail your return. If, as I fear, you are the victim of unnatural foul-play, grant me, Providence, to unmask and confound it! So men

shall have another proof, that every fraud will soon or late be detected, and that no crime escapes eternal justice."

Deaf and Dumb.

The deaf and dumb character, which, in a regular drama, is certainly new to our stage, requires an animated countenance and very expressive action. The performer must be studied in pantomimic art, but still keep clear of its buffoonery.

REPROVING.

MENTEVOLE *and* MARCELLUS.

" *Mentev.* ——— Take my counsel,
Devote thy soul to any thing but love;
Steep thy drench'd senses in the mad'ning bowl;
Heap gold, and hug the mammon for itself;
Set provinces on dice; o'er the pale lamp
Of sickly science waste thy vigorous youth;
Rush to the war, or cheer the deep-tongu'd hound;
Be thou the proverb'd slave of each, or all;
They shall not be so noxious to thy soul,
As dainty woman's love.

Marcel. ——— If this be counsel,
It comes with such a harsh and boisterous breath,
I more discern the freedom, than the friendship.

Mentev. Falsely our poets deck the barbarous god
With roseate hue, with infant's dimpling smiles,
With wanton curls, and wings of downy gold:——

He dips his darts in poisonous aconite;
The fiery venom rankles in our veins,
Infuses rage, and murderous cruelty.
Marcel. The rich juice, pour'd in a tainted jar,
Turns to a nauseous and unwholesome draught,
But we condemn the vessel, not the wine;
So gentle love, lodg'd in a savage breast,
May change his nature to a tyger's fierceness."—*Julia.*

PRIDE AND WONDER, MIXED WITH PITY.

Sir E. MORTIMER *and* WILFORD.

"*Mort.* Honour, thou blood-stain'd God! at whose red altar
Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven,
In the world's range there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgrac'd me,
Stain'd me—oh, death, and shame!—the world look'd on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to an fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling in the street;—

I stabb'd him to the heart :—and my oppressor
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot.
Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!
How could this deed be cover'd!
Mort. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butcher'd a fellow creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import, and communication.
We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appear'd, to urge it on.—
'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it then?
How cover it? you say.—Why, by a lie :—
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
This tongue to utter it: rounded a tale,
Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'er-throng'd court
Disturb'd cool Justice, in her judgment-seat,
By shouting 'Innocence!' ere I had finish'd.
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!—look upon me.—
I know thy sight aches at me.
Wilf. Heaven forgive me!
I think I love you still :—but I am young;

I know not what to say :—it may be wrong.—
Indeed I pity you.
Mort. I disdain all pity.—
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move this pity?—Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—lying :—'twould again.
My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all, all!
Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it.
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill thee:
Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger:
To check them there was no way left but this:—
Save one—thy death :—thou shalt not be my victim.
Wilf. My death! What, take my life!—My life! to prop
This empty honour?
Mort. Empty! grovelling fool!
Wilf. I am your servant, sir: child of your bounty;
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply; 'tis the fault of youth.
I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,

I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:—
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not—should not.

Mort. How!

Wilf. You dare not.

Mort. Dare not!

Wilf. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you;
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you level'd at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would shew the best,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?"

Iron Chest.

JUDGING, ARGUING, CONDEMNING, AND CONFESSING.

DUKE, MENTEVOLE, DURAZZO, JULIA, FULVIA, *&c.*

"*Duke.* As you regard your honour, and your life,
Touch'd by suspicion to the quick, this instant
Account for your possession of that picture.
That lady there, dead Claudio's mother, swears,
It was her son's, and worn around his neck
The day he disappear'd. Behold, do you know it?

Do you allow you dropp'd it?

Ment. Yes; but not
That it was Claudio's. Yet, I cannot wonder,
Two objects so alike should seem the same.

* * * * *

I say, should *seem;* for it is barely seeming,
From that which Claudio own'd, (the artist's boast.)
Myself, not meanly in the science skill'd,
Painted this picture; love, my pencil's guide;
And, from the image in my heart engrav'd,
Assisted by the model, such I made it,
That not the most discerning, nicest eye,
From their first beauteous draft could know that copy.

Ful. And had you still to paint those jewels too,
Those jewels in the round? Their hue and lustre
So singular, and bright? By every power,
These were my son's.

Ment. No. Give me hearing, madam.
Those too I purchas'd from the very merchant
Who furnish'd Claudio. All who hear me, know
The name of Manoa; his services
To this ungrateful state; his flight, his death;
Which I lament, since living, he could witness,
And strike you dumb, that by my special order
He chose these precious gems, in form and colour
So like to Claudio's, none could mark distinction.
To pay their value my estate was strain'd;
But had their estimation been twice doubled,
A crown imperial deem'd the mighty price,
Rather than yield him preference in aught

Might seem a test of my extravagant love,
I would have grasp'd at it; and so remain'd
The ruin'd, happy lord of that sole treasure.
Now learn from hence, how wisdom should demur
To found a sentence on appearances.
Your grace is satisfied.

[*Here* Durazzo *whispers* Camillo, *who goes out.*

Duke. I own, to me,
(No proof appearing to the contrary,)
If this be so, your honour seems acquitted.

* * * * *

Dur. Soft you a while; for lo you, who comes here,
Even to your wish, to make all clear for you.

Re-enter Camillo, *leading in* Manoa.

Ment. *(Starting.)* Swallow me, earth! he lives. But I must brave it.

Duke. *(Rising.)* Ha! can I trust my senses?—Manoa!

Dur. The same, my lord, and by no miracle.

Duke. Yet things so strange are next to miracles,
And his appearance such. We thought him dead.—
This is beyond your hopes. [*To* Mentevole.

Ment. O, much beyond them.—
All curses of his nation light upon him! [*Aside.*

* * * * *

Duke. ——— Come nearer still;

[*Gives* Manoa *the picture.*

Take this, examine it. Do you remember

(Observe them well) the jewels round that picture ?

Manoa. Most sure, my lord ; they are by no means common ;

But all, indeed, most rare and singular.

Duke. They once were yours. Who was their purchaser ?

Manoa. A noble youth, by whose untimely death
Genoa has lost her brightest ornament.
Even in the depth of my own misery,
My heart dropp'd blood to hear the fate of Claudio.

Duke. Did you at any time (think, ere you answer,)
Procure, for any other purchaser,
Jewels like these ?

Manoa. Never, my lord.

Ment. Out, dotard !
Thy myseries have craz'd thy memory.
To me these gems were sold ; look on me well,
I was the friend of Claudio : think, old man,
A noble person's life, and reputation,
(More dear than life,) hang on the words you utter.

Manoa. I've said, what I have said : were my soul's fate
Link'd to the testimony, thus I stake it :
As I do hope forgiveness of my sins,
And peace in death, I never sold these gems,
Nor any like them, save to noble Claudio.

Duke. Hear you, my lord ?

Ment. I hear a faithless Jew,
A slave suborn'd, a traitor to the state,
A bankrupt, fugitive, and outcast Hebrew,

Aver—he knows not what;—and still more strange,
I see the credulous duke of Genoa,
The first in estimation as in place,
Gaping to swallow monstrous perjuries.

* * * * *

Manoa. Mighty signor,
I have an attestation of my truth,
Beyond all oaths, or sacred form of words.
If I am not a liar, and suborn'd,
There rests within this frame a spring conceal'd
With nicest art, and known to me alone,
And its first master. Touch'd, it will discover
The noble Claudio's image.—Ay, 'tis here.—
Ill-fated youth!—Is this to be a liar?

[*He touches a spring, and shews a picture of* Claudio *beneath that of* Julia.

* * * * *

Ment. Dæmons seize thee! [*To* Manoa.
Cramps and cold palsies wither thy curs'd hand!
Thou hast undone me.

Duke. (*Rising.*) Sir, you are our prisoner;
And in our palace you must hear your sentence.—
Bear him away this instant.

[*Two of the guards attempt to seize him.*

Ment. Stand aloof!
Nor raise a hand in violence against me;
Or with one stroke I'll frustrate all your forms,
And the dark tale dies with me.

Duke. Hold;—let's hear him.

Ment. I did kill Claudio. On the morn you miss'd him,
We took together our accustomed walk;
When this too certain arm achiev'd the deed,
Which long lay brooding in my jealousy.

* * * * *

He talk'd with rapture of the approaching bliss,
Till passion drown'd his sight; with eyes upcast,
Then drew that picture, hanging round his neck,
From underneath his garment; glu'd his lips
With transport to the beauteous, lifeless form.
My smother'd fury rose at once to madness;
With one hand, from his grasp I tore the picture,
And with the other smote him to the heart."——*Julia.*

Whenever the business of a drama multiplies, (as it always should in the last act) it behoves the respective performers to be doubly attentive; for the least mistake of one actor may destroy the effect of the whole scene.

CHAP. IV.

Examples of the several Dramatic Passions in Comedy: with cursory Remarks.

THE chief passions, such as Love, Jealousy, Grief, Joy, Hatred, &c. which we meet with in Tragedy, are to be equally so represented when they occur in Comedy; and though in the latter respect they may admit of humour, yet the representative of these particular passions must seem unconscious of the smiles he creates:—of these we shall only give the following examples in Comedy.

LOVE.

DUKE *and* AMANTHIS.

"*Aman.* Love, love——Ay, that's the word the Count continually repeats—and it is the name of his disorder?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And of the Marquis's too?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And from whence does it proceed?

Duke. From you.

Aman. From me?—impossible—I am very well.

Duke. Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so?

Aman. I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.

Duke. Then I'll instruct you—Shame of the Marquis to teach you most of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love.

Aman. Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

Duke. And it is so long ago since I felt it, I must recollect a little before I can tell you.—Amongst the passions, is one more troublesome than all the rest, and yet more pleasing than any of them. It sometimes burns you with heat, and sometimes freezes you with cold—and creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person; and when you *are* with them, you generally look like a fool. You think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly—you think them well shaped, though they are crooked—wise, though they are simpletons; and you hope they love you, though you are *sure* they do *not*.

Aman. You need not say any more, sir,—I think I have had the disorder. [*Looking confused.*

Duke. You have it now.

Aman. Yes, 'tis catching—and I suppose I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis; and so we all three have it.

Duke. And it is you only who can cure them.

Aman. How?

Duke. By marrying one of them.

Aman. Is that the way?

Duke. And, now, which of them will you heal?

Aman. Oh! the Marquis! [*With warmth.*"

Child of Nature.

PARENTAL LOVE.

Enter JOB THORNBERRY (*in a night-gown*) *and* BUR.

" *Bur.* Don't take on so—don't you, now, pray, listen to reason.

Job. I won't.

Bur. Pray, do!

Job. I won't. Reason bid me love my child, and help my friend :—what's the consequence? my friend has run one way, and broke up my trade; my daughter has run another, and broke my ——. No, she shall never have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she sha'n't know she made me.

Bur. Well, but, master——

Job. And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat churchwardens starved you at the work-house—damn their want of feeling for it!—and you were thump'd about, a poor, unoffending, ragged-rump'd boy, as you were——I wonder you hav'n't run away from me, too.

Bur. That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never miss'd a morning.

Job. The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods :—you won't have the trouble any longer.

Bur. Trouble! look ye, old Job Thornberry——

Job. Well! What, you are going to be saucy to me, now I am ruined?

Bur. Don't say one cutting thing after another. You have been as noted, all round our town, for being a kind man, as being a blunt one.

Job. Blunt or sharp, I've been honest. Let them look at my ledger—they'll find it right. I began upon a little; I made that little great, by industry; I never cringed to a customer, to get him into my books, that I might hamper him with an overcharged bill, for long credit; I earn'd my fair profits; I paid my way; I break by the treachery of a friend, and my first dividend will be seventeen shillings in the pound. I wish every tradesman in England may clap his hand on his heart, and say as much, when he asks a creditor to sign his certificate.

Bur. 'Twas I kept your ledger, all the time.

Job. I know you did.

Bur. From the time you took me out of the workhouse.

Job. Psha! rot the workhouse!

Bur. You never mention'd it to me, yourself, till today.

Job. I said it in a hurry.

Bur. And I've always remember'd it at leisure. I don't want to brag, but I hope I've been found faithful. It's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the workhouse-boy, after cloathing, feeding, and making him your man of trust, for two-and-twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you, now you're in trouble.

Job. (Affected.) John, I beg your pardon, *(Stretching out his hand.)*

Bur. *(Taking his hand.)* Don't say a word more about it.

Job. I——

Bur. Pray, now, master, don't say any more! come, be a man! get on your things; and face the bailiffs, that are rummaging the goods.

Job. I can't, John; I can't. My heart's heavier than all the iron, and brass, in my shop.

Bur. Nay, consider what confusion!—pluck up a courage; do, now!

Job. Well, I'll try.

Bur. Aye, that's right: here's your clothes. (*Taking them from the back of the chair.*) They'll play the devil with all the pots and pans, if you aren't by.——Why, I warrant you'll do! bless you, what should ail you?

Job. Ail me? do you go, and get a daughter, John Bur; then let her run away from you, and you'll know what ails me.

Bur. Come, here's your coat and waistcoat. (*Going to help him on with the clothes.*) This is the waistcoat young mistress work'd, with her own hands, for your birth-day, five years ago. Come, get into it, as quick as you can.

Job. (*Throwing it on the floor violently.*) I'd as lieve get into my coffin. She'll have me there soon. Psha! rot it! I'm going to snivel. Bur, go, and get me another.

Bur. Are you sure you won't put it on?

Job. No, I won't. (Bur *pauses.*) No, I tell you.

[*Exit* Bur.

How proud I was of that waistcoat, five years ago! I little thought what would happen, now, when I sat in it, at the top of my table, with all my neighbours, to celebrate the day;—there was Collop, on one side of me, and his wife on the other; and my daughter, Mary, sat at the further end—smiling so sweetly—like an artful, good-for-nothing——I shou'dn't like to throw away a waistcoat neither: I may as well put it on.——Yes—it would be poor spite not to put it on. (*Putting his arms into it.*) ——She's breaking my heart; but, I'll wear it; I'll wear it. (*Buttoning it as he speaks, and crying involuntarily.*) It's my child's——She's undutiful—ungrateful—barbarous——but she's my child—and she'll never work me another."——*John Bull.*

CONJUGAL LOVE.

DUKE, JULIANA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

" *Duke.* ——————— Put up your weapon, sir—
'Tis the worst argument a man can use;
So let it be the last! As for your daughter,
She passes by another title here,
In which your whole authority is sunk—
My lawful wife.

Balth. Lawful!—his lawful wife!
I shall go mad. Did you not basely steal her,
Under a vile pretence?

Duke. What I have done

I'll answer to the law.——
Of what do you complain?
Balth. Are you not
A most notorious self-confess'd impostor?
Duke. True!—I am somewhat dwindled from the state
In which you lately knew me; nor alone
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder,
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.
Balth. How, Juliana?
Jul. 'Tis indeed most true.
I left you, sir, a froward foolish girl,
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all.
But I have learnt this truth indelibly—
That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,
Is the prime grace of woman; and with that,
More than by frowning looks and saucy speeches,
She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,
Whom she was ne'er intended to command.
Balth. Amazement! Why, this metamorphosis
Exceeds his own!——What spells, what cunning witchcraft
Has he employ'd?
Jul. None: he has simply taught me
To look into myself: his powerful rhet'ric
Hath with strong influence impress'd my heart,
And made me see at length the thing I have been,
And what I am, sir.
Balth. Are you then content
To live with him?

Jul. Content?—I am most happy!
Balth. Can you forget your crying wrongs?
Jul. Not quite, sir:
They sometimes serve us to make merry with.
Balth. How like a villain he abus'd your father!
Jul. You will forgive him that for my sake!
Balth. Never!
Duke. Why, then, 'tis plain, you seek your own revenge,
And not your daughter's happiness!
Balth. No matter:
I charge you, on your duty as my daughter,
Follow me!
Duke. On a wife's obedience,
I charge you, stir not!
Jul. You, sir, are my father;
At the bare mention of that hallow'd name,
A thousand recollections rise within me,
To witness you have ever been a kind one:—
This is my husband, sir!
Balth. Thy husband; well——
Jul. 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means
He us'd—I am irrevocably his:
And when he pluck'd me from my parent tree
To graft me on himself, he gather'd with me
My love, my duty, my obedience;
And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly
To do his reasonable bidding now,
As once to follow yours."——*Honey Moon.*

JEALOUSY.

Governor HEARTALL, FRANK HEARTALL, *and Mrs.* MALFORT.

MALFORT *enters, greatly agitated—a letter in his hand.*

" *Mal.* Madam—I have to solicit your pardon for thus abruptly breaking in among your friends;—but a circumstance has occured that——

Mrs. M. (under the impression of surprise and uneasiness, introducing him.) Madam—my husband, Mr. Malfort—

Mal. (*bowing*) Madam, I—(*to* Heartall) Sir, the contents of this letter—concern *you*:—and lest the warmth and agitation of my mind should urge me on to acts of sudden desperation—I beseech you, read it—and declare how you think a man of honour ought to act under circumstances so repulsive to his feelings.—(*Gives* Heartall *the letter.*)

Frank H. [*Reads.*] 'Sir,—under the deep disguise 'of affected benevolence, young Heartall has designs, of 'an infamous nature, upon your wife.—If your distresses 'have so absorbed your feelings, that you can become 'a tame witness of your own dishonour, you will of 'course have no objection to his frequent visits to the 'house you lodge in—where he has now established a 'footing, under pretence of paying his addresses to a silly 'young widow, from the country—who wants know-

'ledge of the world, to penetrate the depth of his designs. 'I know the man—therefore take this timely hint, from 'a sincere, though concealed, friend.'

Mrs. M. Merciful heaven!—what can this mean?

Mal. (during the reading of the letter fixes his eyes upon Heartall, *who appears agitated, distressed, and indignant)*—Sir—— *(as if he waited for* Heartall *to answer.)*

Frank H. Really, Sir,—this extraodinary—business—is—a——

Mal. Before I proceed, Sir, to further question—this folded paper contains the bill which your pretended benevolence would have applied to the relief of my distresses—Take it, sir—it is yours—*(gives a paper)*—You cannot, I perceive, sir, *deny* the foul charge alledged against you:—that you do not endeavour to extenuate it by false asseveration, I applaud you for—and although I cannot but doubt the courage of him, who, with cold deliberate villainy, can wear the mask of charity, to hide adulterous seduction, and meanly assume the garb of munificence, to cover purposes detestable and base—I shall expect such ample retribution as insulted pride and injured honour should demand.

Frank H. Mr. Malfort, I am at length recovered from my confusion and astonishment:—this false and scandalous aspersion causes no other impulse in my mind, than that of sorrow and regret that any of heaven's creatures can be so lost to feeling and humanity as the author of this black scroll. Had I been wretch enough to perpetrate the wrong you charge me with, I hope I should

be coward enough not to defend it—nor oppose a pistol against that man's head, whose heart I had already wounded. Before this company further explanation is unnecessary; I am to be found, sir, whenever it shall suit you. [*Exit* Heartall.

[Malfort *walks about, greatly agitated.*

Mrs. M. Henry!—what shall I say?—can you believe me base——

Mal. Oh! that Providence would snatch from the earth a wretch torn with conflicting passions, and suffering under all the pangs of penury and approaching misery!

Gov. My heart tells me that my boy is innocent!—— The rogue is wild—the dog is ungovernable—but he has a heart, I feel it in my own, warm as blood can make it. I could sometimes kill the villain myself—but that I know he has a heart! and now I have looked upon his honest face, and will stake my life upon his honour!

Mal. 'Tis a world of error, sir—stake your life on no man's honour, nor rest your faith on woman's virtue!—All, all is false, deceiving, treacherous, and subtle. O, agony of thought!—Destruction pours her measureless weight of woes upon my head. Where is now my solace?—domestic confidence is fled, my home is hell—suspicion darts her scorpion stings into my brain—and all is madness, frenzy, and despair!"—*Soldier's Daughter.*

ANGER.

Job *and* Dennis.

"*Job.* ——————— A glossy, oily, smooth rascal; —warming me in his favour, like an unwholesome February sun! shining upon my poor cottage, and drawing forth my child—my tender blossom—to suffer blight, and mildew!—Mary!—I'll go directly to the Manor-house—his father's in the commission.—I mayn't find justice, but I shall find a justice of peace.

Den. Fie, now! and can't you listen to reason.

Job. Reason!—tell me a reason why a father shouldn't be almost mad, when his patron has ruin'd his child.—Damn his protection!—tell me a reason why a man of birth's seducing my daughter doesn't almost double the rascality? yes, double it: for my fine gentleman, at the very time he is laying his plans to make her infamous, would think himself disgraced in making her the honest reparation she might find from one of her equals.

Den. Arrah, be asy, now, Mr. Thornberry.

Job. And, this spark, forsooth, is now canvassing the county!—but, if I don't give him his own at the hustings!—How dare a man set himself up for a guardian of his neighbour's rights, who has robb'd his neighbour of his dearest comforts? How dare a seducer come into freeholders' houses, and have the impudence to say, send me up to London as your representative?"——*John Bull.*

MORDENT *and* LENNOX.

" *Mor.* Mr. Lennox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered—— Where is she?

Len. Sir, I am as determined and as desperate as yourself, and I say, where is she? for you alone can tell?

Mor. 'Tis false!

Len. False?

Mor. Ay, false!

Len. (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false, that dares whisper such a word!

Mor. Hark you, sir, I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols.*) Take your choice: they are loaded.

Len. Oh, with all my heart! (*Presents at some paces distant.*) Come, sir.

Mor. (*Approaching sternly.*) Nigher!

Len. (*Approaching desperately.*) As nigh as you please!

Mor. (*Placing himself.*) Foot to foot!

Len. (*Frantically——both presenting.*) Muzzle to muzzle!

Mor. (*Short pause.*) Why don't you fire?

Len. Why don't you unlock your pistol?

Mor. (*After unlocking.*) There!

Len. Why do you turn it out of the line? (*Drops his arm—Pause.*) I see your intention, Mordent! you are tired of life, and want me to murder you!——

Damn it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend!——Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin!——

(Pause—both greatly affected.)

Mor. (*Tenderly.*) Nay, kill me, or tell me where you have lodged the wretched girl.

Len. (*With great energy.*) Fiends seize me, if I have lodged her any where, or know what is become of her!

Mor. Your behaviour tells me you are sincere, and to convince you at once I am no less so, know—she is my daughter!

Len. (*Seized.*) Your daughter?

Mor. The honest indefatigable Donald discovered her at Enfield's!

Len. Murder my friend, and debauch his daughter!

Mor. (*Deeply affected.*) We are sad fellows—(*They pause, and gradually recover from the deep passion with which they were mutually seized.*) Again and again, 'tis a vile world.

Len. (*Eagerly.*) I'll seek it through with you to find her.—Forgive me.

Mor. (*Takes his hand.*) Would I could forgive myself!"——*Deserted Daughter.*

GRIEF, TURNING TO DESPAIR AND JOY.

FAULKNER, JULIA, *&c.*

" *Faulk.* My brain rocks! ah, my child, do I hold thee in a parent's grasp, pure, unpolluted? Julia, we

part no more—never—never! 'tis time to tell thee thy father's a villain.

Jul. Impossible! perhaps your too keen sense of honour interprets harshly.

Faulk. No, no. E'en now the man I wrong'd gave it its substantial title—an infernal act of villainy.—— Horrors accumulate.—On one side, dishonour; on the other, famine. Julia! (*taking both her hands, and looking on her*) though dreadful, it must be so.

Jul. Your words and looks terrify me.

Faulk. In this world we can cherish no hope of happiness.

Jul. But in the next, my father———

Faulk. True, girl; then the sooner we are there the better.

Jul. Sir!

Faulk. 'Tis in our power, Julia, to expedite our happiness.

Jul. What means my father?

Faulk. Now, heart-strings hold a while! collect the exalted resolution of thy soul, and mark.—Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preserved something, my child, to free us from poverty, from dishonour, and to give us everlasting peace.

Jul. Blest tidings!

Faulk. Behold! (*Taking from each pocket a pistol, and presenting one to* Julia.)

Jul. Horror!

Faulk. Ha! hast thou not by miracle escaped dishonour; and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

Jul. Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

Faulk. It is too late for thought. Here——Ah, dost thou shrink?

Jul. Suicide! my soul sickens at the thought.

Faulk. Then live, base girl, and see thy father die. Live, till scorn shall point at thee, and, mocking, cry, 'Behold the violated daughter of the villain Faulkner!'

Jul. There's madness in the thought—give me the deathful instrument! (*Seizes the pistol.*)

Faulk. Oh! let me kiss thee——(*A knocking at the door.*)——We're interrupted—(*Knocking repeated.*)—Go to the door. (Julia *goes to the door, returns with a letter, opens it, shrieks, and runs into her father's arms.*) What means this frantic joy? Bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent. (*Reads.*) 'While I entreat 'you will do me the honour of employing those notes, it 'gives me great pleasure to enclose you a letter, which at 'once exposes the villainy of your agents, and restores 'you to prosperity and happiness.' (*Looks over the letter, then falls on his knee.*) Omnipotent Providence! humbled with the dust, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art slow to punish, and thy mercies are infinite. Here, too, let me ask pardon—my child!——But where is thy deliverer, the preserver of thy honour, thy life? Within—Has Mr. Tangent left the prison?

Enter Jailer.

Jailer. Oh, no, sir.—Then they don't know that he's a prisoner. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*

Faulk. Then fly to him, my child. He is the legi-

timate son of honour, I the base born slave of pride. Bring him to me, that I may kneel and bless him.

Jul. My father—I'm dizzy with my happiness. One kiss of rapture, and I am gone."

Way to Get Married.

GUILT AND REMORSE.

Lord AVONDALE *and* TYKE.

"*Lord Avon.* ——— I have received information that alarms—distracts me.—Come near—that boy—(what a question for a parent!)—does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Lord Avon. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Lord Avon. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him! Why—Come, come, talk of something else. (*Seems disturbed.*)

Lord Avon. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Lord Avon. Then my secret's safe.

Tyke. I've said so.

Lord Avon. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who! (*Starts.*)

Lord Avon. What agitates you?—You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! be quiet, be quiet, (*Walks about greatly agitated.*)

Lord Avon. By the name of him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me——

Tyke. (*Striking his forehead.*) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all.—Yes, I had a father; and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, wi' heavy heart I' warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me; and he prayed up to heaven for me—(*Pointing, but not daring to look up.*)—just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart like. (*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*)

Lord Avon. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Lord Avon. Did you entrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Lord Avon. Do not pause—you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end out. I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak:—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms.—

Lord Avon. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said—(*Collecting his fortitude.*)—When the signal gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up the child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more. (*Sinks exhausted into a chair.*)

Lord Avon. Horrible!——What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's

death to answer for can cry?—No, no, I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry. (*A vacant stare of horror.*)

Lord Avon. And is this desolation my work? Oh, repent, repent!

Tyke. (*Starting up.*) For what? Is not father dead? A'n't I a thief—cursed—hated—hunted?—Why should I be afraid of the devil? don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched——

Lord Avon. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy, brandy!

Lord Avon. Compose yourself—follow me—you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep, ha, ha! under the sod I may. (*Points down, and groans heavily.*)"——*School of Reform.*

GRIEF, PITY, AND JOY.

Mr. and Mrs. MALFORT.

[*Malfort, with a deep sigh, thows himself into a chair. Mrs. Malfort comes from where she was seated, and leaning pensively on his shoulder, takes his hand, and looking tenderly on him, speaks*—]

"*Mrs. M.* Henry!

Malf. My love? (*After much emotion.*) The trial is past. All is gone! the merciless creditors have shared among them the little remnant of our all; and we are left without a friend—a home—a shilling!

Mrs. M. And yet we may still be happy.

Malf. Never—never. I am marked by fate, a victim for despair. By heaven! were it not for you and my poor suffering innocent, I'd not endure this weight of sorrow and disgrace. To bear the taunting mocks of bloated affluence!—pointed at as the ruined wretch, whom treacherous fortune crushed in her angriest mood, and levelled with the dust!—torture! torture!

Mrs. M. Nay; for my sake, check these tumultuous passions. Consider, Henry: in your prosperous days, when did the unrelieved beggar pass your gate? was your hand ever shut against the orphan's cry? or did the wretched widow's plaint pass unheeded through your ear? The Power that punishes, can reward:—if vice, though late, must meet the scourge of retribution—virtue has claims that Providence will foster.

Malf. Sweet comforter! If you can endure, 'twere impious in me to murmur:—yet fate will have it so. Oh! could the best of fathers and of men—if yet he lives—pierce the gloom of distance which now obscures us from each other's sight; did he but know the virtuous partner of my sufferings, for whose sad sake, and my poor endearing little one, I thus am shook with agonising torments; his generous spirit would burst through all restraining bonds, to banish misery, and all its haggard train of pale-faced sorrows!—Oh! multiplying horrors crowd upon my bewildered imagination!—Houseless!—friendless!—my wife! my child!—defenceless and forlorn! without the means of satisfying one scanty meal—too proud to beg—willing to toil, but unequal to the task—

no hand to succour—no friend to advise—no faithful bosom to repose my sorrows on!

Mrs. M. Yes—here is a hand to succour—a friend to advise—a bosom to repose your sorrows on!

Malf. What have I said?—forgive me, Harriet—I shall be calm.

Mrs. M. O Henry! distress, affliction, want of food and raiment, I could endure with you—barefoot and wretched, I could take my infant in these arms, and bear her proudly, though disgrace and misery mark'd my steps, would you but smile at fortune's angry frown, and bear your lot with patient manly suffering.

Malf. Oh! *(In extreme agony of grief.)*

Mrs. M. It is for me you feel these strong emotions, and for my child—I know it, Henry! Yet *hope!*—for what is not hope? It is the prisoner's freedom, the sick man's health, the Christian's consolation.

Malf. I cannot speak—I feel thee my superior, and am lost in wonder at thy virtues!——*(Throws himself into a chair, extremely moved—she turns, looks at him, clasps her hands in an agony of sorrow, and then seats herself.—A pause.)*

Julia. (Entering hastily.) O dear—he's gone!—I never yet saw any stranger that I lov'd so well:—When he talk'd of you, mamma, he sigh'd, grew pale as ashes, and wip'd his eyes so often:—he asked me if I was fond of dolls and toys?—I said, 'to be sure, sir—all little girls love their dolls.'——Then, said he, take this money, my little angel, and let your mamma buy some for you—and then he kissed me, wiped his eyes, and stepp'd into a

carriage.——Only look here, father!—La! what nice thin paper he has wrapped it in! *(Unfolding a dollar, or crown-piece, she hands the coin to her mother, and shews the paper to her father.)*

Malf. (Looking with astonishment on the paper.) Oh, Providence!—Providence!—Why should the wretch despair?

Mrs. Malf. (*Observing Malfort—looks over his shoulder on the paper.*) Two hundred pounds!—Riches!—Happiness!—New life!——

[*Sinks into his arms—the Child, distressed and alarmed, catches her Mother's garment, and looks in her face with an anxious and solicitous concern.*"——Soldier's Daughter.

WONDER.

MATTHEW DAW, *Mrs.* HAMILTON, *and Lord* BELMOUR.

" *Daw.* ———— I judge this letter will inform thee——

Mrs. Ham. What letter?—from Lord Belmour?

Daw. No; a man who called himself his friend did write it in my presence. Moreover, he did say it would silence all thy scruples, concerning the note thou would'st have returned.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ham. (Taking the letter, breaks the seal.) Ah!

what do I see, my husband's signature! *(Aside.)* Is it possible he could know to whom he wrote?

Daw. Verily, he seemed not ignorant of thy condition. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Ham. (Reads with great emotion.)—'Madam, 'I think it proper to caution you against attempting to 'draw Lord Belmour into a lasting engagement, for I am 'too much his friend to allow him to be made the dupe 'of appearances: thus far I will pledge myself that you 'shall receive from him a handsome maintenance, whilst 'you behave with candour to merit it.

'Your's, E. EPWORTH.'

Enter Lord BELMOUR *(gaily.)*

Lord Bel. I come, my dear madam, to express my grateful thanks for the honour you have done me, by accepting the note.—I have seen your servant—I am afraid I have been too scrupulous. *(Taking out his pocket-book.)*

Mrs. Ham. Hold, my lord! Hitherto you have beheld me a *weak* woman, sinking under the weight of my afflictions—now, sir, behold me a resolute one—I *command* you to leave me.

Lord Bel. What can this sudden indignation mean? I came not, madam, to insult your misfortunes.

Mrs. Ham. My misfortunes; no, no, no—it is my husband that is unfortunate, not me: at this moment I feel my superiority—'tis such wealth as worlds should not tempt me to barter—it has soothed me in affliction, supported me in adversity, guided me through all hazards; it

has arm'd me with courage in danger, and now exalts me above this indignity; 'tis the riches of an uncorrupted heart!

Lord Bel. Hear me, madam.

Mrs. Ham. What! abandon his wife to the base solicitations of his friend!—Monstrous, monstrous.

Lord Bel. Madam, you do me wrong, if you suspect—by heaven!——

Mrs. Ham. Dreadful profanation! Do you call heaven to witness your *friend's* perjuries or your *own?*

Lord Bel. Madam, understand me rightly.

Mrs. Ham. Sir, this letter has sufficiently informed me. Oh, Sir Edward Epworth, to what have you exposed me!

Lord Bel. Madam, did I hear right? Sir Edward Epworth! Can it be? is it possible that Mrs. Hamilton is the wife of Sir Edward Epworth?

Mrs. Ham. Sir, I understand your reproach—I have been more tender of *his* honour than he has been of *mine.*

Lord Bel. Reproach you! I honour, esteem, *adore* your virtues. Madam, from this moment I abjure all fellowship with Sir Edward;—trust me, you have nothing to fear from any future importunities. I will only ask of you to look upon me as a brother; I have a house, madam, make it yours—you have a child, in my affection he shall find a father.

Mrs. Ham. Sir, you behold me abandoned by my husband; my soul fired with indignation at his unnatural desertion of me—torn with conflicting agonies for the fate

of my beloved child—but, my lord, you behold me a *wife*—as such, I am accountable to the world for my *conduct*: you behold me a *mother*—as such, I am accountable for my *example* to mothers: above all, sir, you behold me a *Christian*;—in the holy precepts of my religion I have hitherto sought for counsel, and in following its divine instructions I have found the sweetest consolation;—Sir, I will trust to it still."

School for Friends.

We shall now give examples of passions more peculiar to Comedy, previously observing that few combine tragic and comic abilities, though many presumptuously attempt both.—Comedy admits of a bad figure and peculiarity of voice, which, in tragedy, would be despicable: and the countenance that is accustomed to the *vis comica*, can seldom divest itself of it in Melpomene's service.

AVARICE.

Enter LOVEGOLD, *in the utmost distraction.*

"Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. *(Catching himself by the arm.)* I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it

while I was signing that d——n'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town; I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money, I will hang myself afterwards."——*Miser.*

Much depends upon the dressing of a character.—— Avarice and dotage should be pictured in the countenance: many stage-tricks are to be used at discretion; such as picking up a pin, displaying an old torn handkerchief, falling down with tottering old age, &c. Chaste acting will, however, admit of no trick, which is not justly characteristic and probable.

COWARDICE.

Sir LUCIUS *and* ACRES.

"*Sir Luc.* But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius——but I don't understand———

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the abbey?——I'm told there is very snug lying in the abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the abbey!——Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity:—there's nothing like being used to a thing.——Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side front, hey?——Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edge-ways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim—— [*Levelling at him.*

Acres. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy——Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so——

[*Placing him.*

Let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Luc. Aye, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude, into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edge-ways.

Sir Luc. (Looking at his watch.) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!———

Sir Luc. Ay——Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.——

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Luc. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour——Do, Sir Lucius,

edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid——if my valour should leave me! ——Valour will come and go.

Sir Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going——yes—my valour is certainly going!—it it sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour.——Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at *Clod-Hall!* or could be shot before I was aware!"——*Rivals.*

DRUNKENNESS, OR INTOXICATION.

Enter TIPTOE, *with a dark-lanthorn, singing, and drunk.*

"Here I am at last! What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery! Umph! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters——Damn my masters! Scamper! Scamper! Scamper!——'Twon't do—No; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family, for my money. If it hadn't been for the lanthorn I begg'd of the old boy at the Inn—I was forced to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it me—I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr. Random, now I think on't, ordered me

to come in the dark! Umph! Gentlemen make no more of servants' necks now-a-days—they think we've one to spare, like the Swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But softly! softly! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see—it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery; but whether it's to the right—or to the left—curse me if I recollect. Stay——*(Turning round, and counting the doors.)* One—two—three. ——Dam'me, how the doors dance! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember, (*Taking the chair, and drawing it along)* when I lived with old Lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here, (*Pointing to the doors*) choose to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till my old acquaintance comes by. (*Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.*) Zounds! how fast somebody sleeps—Sir David, perhaps—"I wonder if Baronets ever snore."——What the devil am I to do now? Get my head broke for not calling my master; and my bones broke, if I should happen to call any body else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call no body, egad!—I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and so wait till they come for me. So—gently—steady." [*Exit, singing.*]

Ways and Means.

Drunkenness must be affected with great ability; every trick should appear the act of nature. The removing the chair, in the above scene, which leads afterwards to

mistakes between the father, his daughters, and their lovers, must appear a mere accidental act in Tiptoe, and not a studied trick.

FICKLENESS.

FAUKLAND *solus, looking after* JULIA.

"In tears! stay, Julia! stay but for a moment.——The door is fastened!——Julia;—my soul—but for one moment: I hear her sobbing!——'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay—Aye—she is coming now:—how little resolution there is in woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!——No, faith! she is *not* coming either———Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but tell me that—now this is being *too* resentful: stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in any thing! her going away must have been a mere trick then——she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.——I'll affect indifference——(*Hums a tune; then listens.*)——No—Z——ds! she's *not* coming! nor don't intend it, I suppose. This is not *steadiness*, but *obstinacy!* Yet I deserve it.———What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly! I should be ashamed to see her now. I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day and all the night."———*Rivals.*

HUMOUR.

Sir BAMBER, AP-HAZARD, *with a bust in his hand, and Miss* UNION.

" *Ap-Haz.* Ay; here's old Geoffery; here's the father of English poets!—look, sir—doesn't this remind you of Palamon and Arcite?—the Flow'r of Curtesye?—the Assembly of Fools?

Sir Bam. Knyghts' Tale, and the Canterbury Tales, and the money I shall make by my new edition?—Oh! that for Charles! (*Snapping his finger.*)———you're my heir! the possession of it will make me the envy of the Literati! the wonder of the Cognoscenti! the delight of the Dillettanti! the———I'm in an ecstacy!—let me—let me touch it!

Miss Union. Don't, for heaven's sake!—consider its antiquity!—the least touch will crumble it to atoms——the day's our own! [*Aside to Ap-Hazard.*

Ap-Haz. (*The bust still in his hand.*) I defy fortune now.—(*Aside to Miss.*) What poetry flowed from this mouth!—What genius flashed from these eyes!—What fancy revell'd in this brain!——Ay; ay; this is none of your modern paper-skull'd authors——old Geoffery's head is sound—sound as—(*Here lets his hand fall on the head, and part of it breaks to pieces.*)—damnation!———What's to pay?"——

Fortune's Fool.

The letting the hand fall upon the bust must be done with facility; and when the head breaks, the confusion of the actor should be natural and striking.

IRONY.

Old MANLY *and Admiral* CLEVELAND.

" *Cleveland.* Come, Manly, you have too many of the substantial afflictions of life to contend with at present to be ruffled by little breezes of this sort——But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty, as such, to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

Manly. Why that was very kind, my old neighbour, very kind indeed—be seated, I beseech you——Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you say, Admiral, I am a wretched, miserable, unhappy man, oppressed with sorrows, laden with affliction, overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis something, my worthy neighbour, to have a trusty friend, to take a kind interest in one's misfortunes—to share, as it were, the sad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage——O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

Cleve. I think so indeed, and hope to prove as much: I have no other object to comfort you—none, none—— You are, indeed, very unhappy.

Manly. Very, very!

Cleve. Why there's your wife, now.

Manly. Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh! [*A long sigh.*

Cleve. Nay, be comforted, my friend—be comforted—

Why she is of herself a sufficient load of misery for any one poor pair of mortal shoulders. Always fretful, her suspicions never sleep—and her tongue always awake—constantly making her observations, like a vessel sent out upon discovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmless piece of smuggled amusement.

Manly. Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour, quite dreadful, indeed.

Cleve. Take comfort, my friend——What did I come here for? Take comfort, I say——There is your son too.

Manly. Yes, my son too, an abandoned profligate.

Cleve. Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes—the early little irregularities that grow out of the honest passions of our nature are sometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them; and when remedied, they generally leave the person wiser and better than they found him—wiser for his experience, and better for the indulgence which they gave him towards the infirmities of others——but a canting, whining, preaching profligate—a sermon-maker at twenty—a fellow that becomes a saint, before he's a man—a beardless hypocrite—a scoundrel that cannot be content with common homely sinning, but must give it a relish by joining a prayer with it in his mouth—of such a fellow there can be no hopes, no hopes indeed.

Manly. None, none.——Oh miserable that I am, where will my affliction end! Where shall I find consolation?

Cleve. Consolation!—in me, to be sure!——What

else was the purpose of my visit? I forbear to say any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

Manly. Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child—what has happened to her? She was my favourite. Miserable man! O miserable man!

Cleve. Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you: it is my duty to do so——Why, she, you know, was desperately in love with Charles Welford. He has turned her off, I find, discharged her the service, and has fallen in with somebody else; so that I suppose by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambush of a willow, or the retirement of a fish-pond.

Manly. Now the sum of my calamities is complete. (*Weeps.*) Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man, miserable husband, wretched father!

Cleve. Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too——Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days——(*Old Manly dries his eyes, and looks resentfully.*) when you retained enough of bodily strength and force of mind to cope with them——but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching fast towards decay, when the lights of the understanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible. Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

Manly. (*in a rage. Both rising.*) I believe not, indeed; you fusty, musty, old, foul-mouthed, weather-beaten coxcomb—timbers approaching to decay! Whose timbers do you mean, old jury-mast? Look at your own

crazy hulk—do—and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticisms upon your juniors and your betters.

Cleve. Nay, my good friend.

Manly. Damn your friendship and your goodness too! I don't like friendship, that only wants me to hate myself—and goodness, that only goes to prove every thing bad about me. So, good Mr. Yellow Admiral, sheer off—do; and till you can stuff your old vessel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me see you in my latitude again.

Cleve. Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes———

Manly. O curse your pity; and as for misfortunes, I know of none equal to your consolation."——*Fugitive.*

The delivery of ironical speeches must be with a sneer, and every point expressed emphatically: the countenance should also be marked with a smile, in order to convey to the auditors the author's real meaning.

LOQUACITY.

Sir MILES MOWBRAY *and Mr.* WRANGLE.

"*Sir M.* What's the matter now? why do you round me with a circumbendibus in this manner, when I so often desire you to speak plainly, and to the point at once?

Mr. W. Well, sir, then to the point at once.

Sir M. To be sure, that's the way to be understood, son Wrangle; whereas to be verbose and circumstantial, is to be tedious; and when a man is tedious, you know, 'tis ten to one if his hearers are not tired with his preamble, before he lets them into the body of his bill.

Mr. W. At the present moment I conceive that fault does not lie with me.

Sir M. I don't say it does, I don't say it does; yet a fault it is, lie where it will, and every man has his faults, which it is the part of a friend to tell him of, it is the part of a father—You yourself are not without faults, son Wrangle."——*First Love.*

In parts of volubility, the performer must be very perfect, as the least pause or hesitation will spoil the character; and should the other performer not immediately answer, a loquacious character may repeat his words; it being one great mark of a good actor not to *keep the stage waiting.*

BURLESQUE, OR FARCICAL HUMOUR.

We shall now conclude this chapter with an example of the burlesque; observing, that all such extravaganzas will admit of the most whimsical gestures and buffoonery.

FUSTIAN *and* DAGGERWOOD *discovered*—Fustian *sitting in one chair,* Daggerwood *asleep in another. The Clock strikes eleven.*

"*Fustian.* Eight, nine, ten, eleven!—Zounds, eleven o'clock; and here I have been waiting ever since nine, for an interview with the manager.

(A Servant crosses the stage.)

—Harkye, young man, is your master visible yet?

Serv. Sir!

Fus. I say, can I see your master?

Serv. He has two gentlemen with him at present, sir.

Fus. Ay, the old answer. Who is this asleep here in the corner?

Serv. Oh! that, sir, is a gentleman who wants to come out.

Fus. Come out! then wake him, and open the door. 'Gad, the greatest difficulty at this house is to get in.

Serv. Ha! ha! I mean, he wants to appear on the stage, sir; 'tis Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company.

Fus. Oho! a country candidate for a London truncheon, a sucking Prince of Denmark — Damme, he snores like a tinker, fatigued with his journey, I suppose.

Serv. No, sir,—he has taken a nap in this room these five mornings—but hasn't been able to obtain an audience here, yet.

Fus. No, nor at Dunstable, neither, I take it.

Serv. I am so loth to disturb him, poor gentleman, that I never wake him till a full half hour after my master is gone out.

Fus. Upon my soul, that's very obliging! I must keep watch here, I find, like a lynx. Well, friend, you'll let your master know Mr. Fustian is here, when the two gentlemen have left him at leisure.

Serv. The moment they make their exit. [*Exit Serv.*

Fus. Make their exit! this fellow must have lived here some time, by his language, and I'll warrant him, lies by rote like a parrot. (*Sits down, and pulls out a manuscript.*) If I could nail this manager for a minute, I'd read him such a tragedy.

Dag. (*dreaming*). Nay, and thou'lt mouth—I'll rant as well as the——

Fus. Eh! damme, he's talking in his sleep! acting Hamlet before twelve tallow candles in the country.

Dag. "To be or not to be."——

Fus. Yes—he's at it—let me see——(*Turning over the leaves of his play.*) I think there's no doubt of its running.

Dag. (*Dreaming.*) "That is the question."—"Who would fardles bear"——

Fus. Zounds! there's no bearing you!—His Grace's patronage will fill half the side boxes, and I warrant we'll stuff the critics into the pit.

Dag. (*Dreaming.*) "To groan and sweat"——
"When he himself might his quietus make"—

Fus. Quietus! I wish with all my heart I could make your's.—The Countess of Crambo insists on the best

places for the first night of performance; she'll sit in the stage box.

Dag. (Still dreaming.) "With a bare bodkin!"

Fus. O, the devil, there's no enduring this! Sir, sir! *(Waking him.)* Do you intend to sleep any more?

Dag. (*Waking.*) Eh! what?—when?

"Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more."

Fus. Faith, sir, you heard something very like it, and that voice was mine.

Dag. Sir, I am your respective servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood—whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction; you'd make an excellent Macbeth, sir.

Fus. Sir!

Dag. "Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course."—Faith, and very often the first course, too; when a dinner is unavoidably deferred, by your humble servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood.

Fus. I am very sorry, sir, you should ever have occasion to postpone so pleasant a performance.

Dag. Eating, sir! is a most popular entertainment for man and horse, as I may say—but I am apt to appear nice, sir—and somehow or other, I never could manage to sit down to dinner in a bad company.

Fus. Has your company been bad, then, of late, sir?

Dag. Damn'd bad, indeed, sir—The Dunstable company—where I have eight shillings a week, four bits of candle, one wife, three shirts, and nine children.

Fus. A very numerous family.

Dag. A crouded house to be sure, sir, but not very profitable. Mrs. Daggerwood, a fine figure, but, unfortunately, stutters; so of no use in the theatrical line. Children too young to make a *debut*, except my oldest, Master Apollo Daggerwood, a youth of only eight years old, who has twice made his appearance in Tom Thumb, to an overflowing and brilliant barn-house, I mean—with unbounded and universal applause.

Fus. Have you been long on the stage, Mr. Daggerwood?

Dag. Fifteen years since I first smelt the lamp, sir; my father was an eminent button-maker, at Birmingham, and meant to marry me to Miss Molly Motre, daughter to the rich director of the coal-works at Wolverhampton; but I had a soul above buttons, and abhorred the idea of a mercenary marriage—I panted for a liberal profession—so ran away from my father, and engaged with a travelling company of comedians; in my travels I had soon the happiness of forming a romantic attachment with the present Mrs. Daggerwood, wife to Sylvester Daggerwood, your humble servant to command, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction—so you see, sir, I have a taste.

Fus. Have you? then sit down, and I'll read you my tragedy: I am determined somebody shall hear it before I go out of the house. *(Sits down.)*

Dag. A tragedy!—Sir, I'll be ready for you in a moment; let me prepare for woe. *(Takes out a very rag-*

ged pocket handkerchief.) "This handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give."

Fus. Faith, I shou'd think so—and, to all appearance, one of the Norwood party.

Dag. Now, sir, for your title, and then for the dramatis personæ.

Fus. The title, I think, will strike: the fashion of plays, you know, is to do away old prejudices, and to rescue certain characters from the illiberal odium with which custom has marked them. Thus we have a General —Israelite, an amiable Cynic—and so on. Now, sir, I call my play—*The Humane Footpad!*

Dag. What!

Fus. There's a title for you! Isn't it happy?—Eh, how do you like my Footpad?

Dag. Humph!—Why, I think he'll strike—but then he ought to be properly executed.

Fus. Oh, sir, let me alone for that. An exception to a general rule is, now, the grand secret for dramatic composition. Mine is a freebooter of benevolence, and plunders with sentiment.

Dag. There may be something in that; and, for my part, I was always with Shakspeare—

"Who steals my purse, steals trash."——

I never had any weighty reasons yet for thinking otherwise. Now, sir, as we say, please to "leave your damnable faces, and begin."

Fus. My damnable faces!

Dag. Come—"we'll to't like French falconers."

Fus. (*reading.*) Scene first—A dark wood—night.

Dag. A very awful beginning.

Fus. (*reading.*) The moon behind a cloud.

Dag. That's new. An audience never saw a moon behind a cloud before—but it will be devilish difficult to paint.

Fus. Don't interrupt—where was I?—Oh, behind a cloud.

Dag. "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces."

Fus. Hey, the devil! what are you at?

Dag. Beg pardon; but that speech never comes into my head but it runs away with me. Proceed.

Fus. Enter (*reading.*)

Dag. "The solemn temple"—

Fus. Nay, then, I've done.

Dag. So have I. I'm dumb.

Fus. Enter Egbert, musing. (*reading.*)

Dag. O. P.

Fus. Pshaw! what does that signify?

Dag. Not much—"The great globe itself."—

Fus. (*reading.*) Egbert musing, clouded in night, I come—

Dag. (*Starting up.*)

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
"The solemn temples," &c. &c.

Fus. (*Gets up.*) Damme, he's mad! a bedlamite! raves like Lear, and foams out a folio of Shakspeare without drawing breath: I'm almost afraid to stay in the room with him.

Enter Servant.

Oh, I'm glad you are come, friend! now I shall be de-

livered: your master would be glad to see me, I warrant.

Serv. My master is just gone out, sir.

Fus. Gone out!

Dag. "Oh, day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!"

Fus. What, without seeing me, who have been waiting for him these three hours!

Dag. Three hours! pugh—I've slept here for five mornings in his old arm chair.

Serv. He ordered me to tell you, gentlemen, he was particularly sorry—but he is obliged to hurry down to the Haymarket. The theatre opens this evening, and Mr. Bannister, jun. and Mr. Suett, are to meet him there on particular business.

Fus. They are! and what the devil, friend, have I to do with Mr. Bannister, jun.? Damn Mr. Bannister, jun.!

Dag. And damn Mr. Suett! what the devil have I to do with Mr. Suett? Now he has shirted us: I'll lay you an even bett he has gone to neither of them.

Fus. Pretty treatment! pretty treatment, truly! to be kept here, half the morning, kicking my heels in a manager's anti-room, shut up with a mad Dunstable actor.

Dag. Mad! Zounds, sir! I'd have you to know, that "when the wind's southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

Fus. Tell your master, friend, tell your master—but no matter; he don't catch me here again, that's all: damme, I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on't, and bring it out at one of the winter theatres. [*Exit.*

Dag. (To the servant.) Young man, you know me, I shall come to the old arm-chair again to-morrow, but must go to Dunstable the day after, for a week, to finish my engagement—Wish for an interview—inclination to tread the London boards, and so on: you know my name—Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

Serv. I shall be sure to tell him, sir.

Dag. " I find thee apt—
And duller would'st thou be than the fat weed,
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this."
Open the street door: go on, I'll follow thee." [*Exit.*

New Hay at the Old Market.

CHAP. V.

Soliloquies—Declamation—Prologue and Epilogue speaking.

SOLILOQUIES are to be spoken in a thoughtful meditating manner;—the actor being supposed to be then alone and speaking *to himself*, of course he is not to take the least notice of the audience. The eyes are generally fixed upon the ground, but occasionally raised to heaven. Boisterous rant is to be avoided, except when something is supposed to ruffle the speaker's temper.

In declaiming or haranguing, the audience are likewise not to be noticed: the actor's eyes must be fixed on those only whom he is addressing. Take for example

*ROLLA's ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS.

"My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?——No—YOU have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you——Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and OURS.—THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an Adventurer whom they fear—and obey a power which they hate—WE serve a Monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they pro-

* See the Plate.

mise.—Be our own 'plain answer this: The throne WE honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us."

Pizarro.

In speaking Addresses, Prologues, and Epilogues, the actor then directs his discourse *to* the audience in general, or to boxes, pit, and galleries, occasionally. The chief requisites for Prologue-speaking are, distinct articulation, easy action, and a modest demeanour. The speaker should also be perfect in his lines, and not trust too much to the prompter, or to any mean subterfuge; (such as finding his *cue* from a paper concealed in his hat, &c.) A retentive memory is absolutely necessary to render the delivery graceful, and to give every point its due force.

In Prologues, Epilogues, &c. the actor generally appears in his *own* character; sometimes, according to the whim of the poet, he may assume the character of a sailor, a countryman, a counsellor, a quaker, &c.: of course he must affect the manners and dresses of such characters, but still appear as speaking to the audience. In the generality of Prologues the *whole* audience are addressed; in some parts, however, the boxes, pit, and galleries are, after the exordium, respectively accosted, as in

BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

" Ye social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispers'd, in merry groups ye sit;
Whether above ye gild the glitt'ring scene,
Or in the upper regions oft have been:
Ye Bucks, assembled at your ranger's call,
Damme! I know ye—and have at ye all:
The motive here that sets our Bucks on fire,
The gen'rous wish, the first and last desire;
If you with plaudits echo to renown,
Or urg'd with fury, tear the benches down,
'Tis still the same—to one bright goal he haste,
To shew your judgment, and approve your taste;
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
No, damme! Bucks exist but in a riot!
For instance, now—to please the ear, and charm the admiring crowd,
Your Bucks of the boxes sneer and talk aloud;
To the green box next with joyous speed you run—
Hilly, ho! ho! my Bucks—well, damme! what's the fun?
Tho' Shakspeare speaks—regardless of the play,
Ye laugh and loll the sprightly hours away:
For to seem sensible of real merit—
Oh! damme! its low, its vulgar—beneath us lads of spirit:
Your Bucks of the pit—are miracles of learning,
Who point out faults, to shew their own discerning;
And critic-like, bestriding martyr'd sense,
Proclaim their genius and vast consequence:

The side-long row, where keener views of bliss
Are chiefly center'd in some fav'rite Miss—
A set of jovial Bucks who here resort,
Flush from the tavern, reeling ripe for sport,
Wak'd from their dreams, oft join the general roar,
With bravo! bravo!—bravissimo! encore!
Or, skipping that, behold these other rows,
Supplied by citizens, or smiling beaux,
Addressing Miss, whose cardinal protection
Keeps her quite safe from ranc'rous detraction;
Whose lively eyes, beneath a down drawn hat,
Give hint she loves a little—you know what.
Ye Bucks above, who range like gods at large,
Nay, pray don't grin, but listen to your charge;
You who mean to change this scene of raillery,
And out-talk players in the upper gallery:
Oh, there's a youth, one of the sprightly sort;
I don't mean you—damme! you've no features for't—
Who slily skulk unto a hidden station,
Whilst we poor players follow our vocation,
Whistle, off! off! Nosee! nosee! Roast beef!——
there's education!——

Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',
And set each country's little faults to view;
In the right sense receive the well-meant jest,
And keep the moral still within your breast:—
Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,
Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end."

It is customary, particularly on benefit nights, to entertain the audience, between the play and farce, with comic or serious recitations. In relating droll tales, the actor must be possessed of genuine humour, and draw his pictures with such fidelity, that the audience may conceit the scene, which is only told, is absolutely represented: the reciter should therefore fix upon such stories as will admit of a variety of comic passions; for instance—

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclept TOM KING;
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite *the thing*.

To many a jovial club this KING was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
Choice Spirit, grave Freemason, Buck and Blood,
Wou'd crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown:
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot the Seven Dials height—
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dosing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,
Known at that time by name of Refugees—
The rod of Persecution from their home
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring thro' the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew;

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock—
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
"I'll ask," says KING, "if *Thompson* lodges here?"
"THOMPSON!" cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," KING replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came;
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,

The other held a thing they call *culotte;*
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild;
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
"I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
"Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," reply'd KING, "I merely thought to know,
"As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
"But, really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear—
"I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
"If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
"No, Sare; no Monsieur TONSON loges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But KING resolv'd not thus to drop the jest—

So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before—
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door;
Our Frenchman seem'd in such a sleep profound:
KING, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last, KING hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawing out, to heighten the surprize,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his eyes,)
"Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here?"

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I tell you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
"No Monsieur TONSON in de varld I know,
"No Monsieur TONSON here—I tell you so;
"Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur TONSON here."

Some more excuses tender'd, off KING goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—
'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur TONSON here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster—
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire:
He said, "'Twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
"He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day:
KING told her, she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready—he was leaving town—
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay;
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears;
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When KING attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage began his crest to rear—
"Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?—
"Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago—
"Got tam! I swear no Monsieur TONSON here."

True as the night, KING went, and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,

Which should descend to chase the fiend away ;
At length to join their forces they agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old inquiry calmly stood—
The *name* of THOMPSON rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With—"Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
They throw out water—for the watch they call—
But KING, expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime :
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot :
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace :—
"Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said ;
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
"Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And KING's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore——
Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur TONSON come again!"
Away he run—and ne'er was heard of more!

In Serious Recitations, the speaker must assume gravity both in dress and manner. The late Mr. Palmer was always discovered in a suit of black, meditating in a church-yard, whenever he spoke GRAY's celebrated Elegy.

THE END.

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